HIT PARADER

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PUBLICATIONS

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BAD COMPANY'S PLANS

ROLLING STONES
A SURREAL ROCK DREAM IN TORONTO

KIKI DEE
MORE THAN ELTON'S #1 GIRL

LED ZEPPELIN
THUNDER, LIGHTNING AND THE HAMMER OF THE GODS

BRIAN WILSON
GENIUS OR MADMAN?

RAMONES
LEAVE HOME

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
SAX SOUNDS FROM THE SHORE

PETER GABRIEL
THE VIEW FROM SOLSBURY HILL

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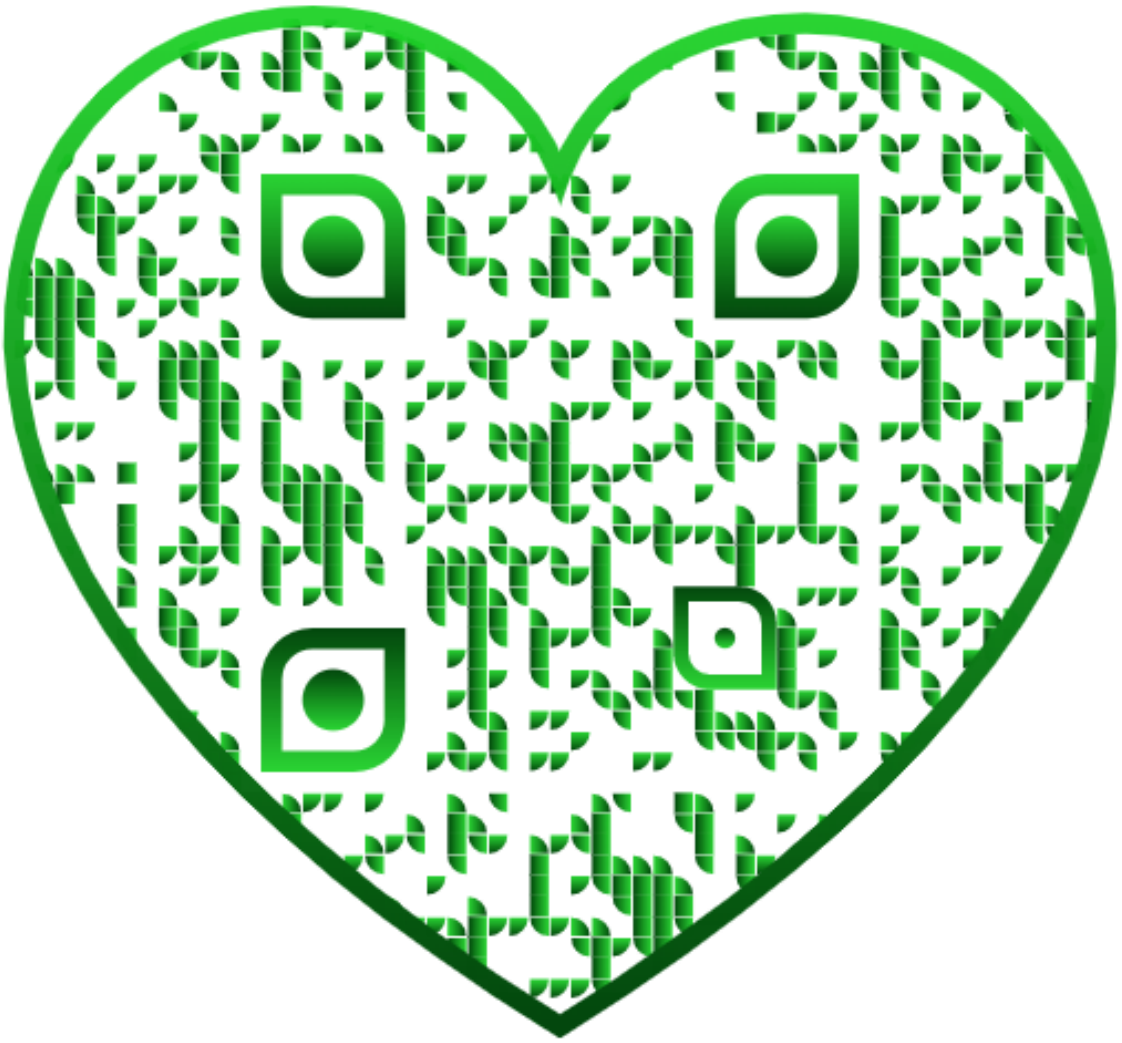

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T.V.

Dear Hit Parader,
Thanks for the article on Television!! I'm glad to see that the New York bands are finally getting the recognition they deserve. I've been waiting to hear this group for a long time and their debut album — *Marquee Moon* — is even better than I imagined! Tom Verlaine is a true artist!

Sincerely,
Cyndi Lehi
Columbia, Mo.

P.S. Incidentally, the "early photo" of Television that James Wolcott describes can be found in the October '74 issue of Rock Scene along with an expertly written article by none other than Patti Smith!

Ramones

Dear Hit Parader,
I like the story "Goin' Fishing With Alice" by Legs McNeil, but you neglected to admit that it was fiction. Your readers are not stupid so how can you expect us to believe anything you print if you don't specify what is fiction and non-fiction. Get with it before you lose your readers!

Shirl Jackson
Morristown, Tenn.

Dear Shirl, We're sorry — we thought you would figure it out. Please note Leg's Ramones FANTASY in this issue. (Ed.)

Kiss

Dear Hit Parader,
There is a rumor going around where I live that the lead guitarist from Kiss was electrocuted from his guitar and amplifier. And that the other guitarist damaged his brain when it happened. Well, we Kiss fans would like to know if this rumor is true. Because we have not heard anything on the radio or television. We hope this is NOT true, because we think Kiss is the GREATEST!! Please let us know what is happening. But no matter what happens we will never forget Kiss!!

Yours very truly,
The Kiss Fans
From Sullivan, Ind.

Dear Kiss Fans — Ace Frehley received a strong electrical shock but is okay now. As a result of this unfortunate accident, the band only uses wireless mikes on stage. (Ed.)

Etc...

Dear Hit Parader,
You have finally reached for the pinnacle of greatness! Your last two issues (May and June) have had articles on the Ramones, Television, Jonathan Richman, Fleetwood Mac, Alan (the genius) Lanier, Patti Smith, Graham Parker, the Sex Pistols (can't wait to hear them) and Clash (them too, they look great)! And best of all, NO AEROKISS ARTICLES IN SIGHT! Congratulations! I can't wait til Johnny Rotten and the boys get a chance to blitzkrieg the U.S. They'll burn the makeup right off Steve Tyler's face and leave him to choke on their dust! Paul Stanley too! And then, when the Tuff Darts and the Heartbreakers jump on the wagon ... hoo, boy!

Daniel Hooley
Durham, N.C.

Dear Hit Parader,
I read the Fleetwood Mac interview in your May 1977 issue. I love Fleetwood Mac and thought it was great. I'm glad to see you write on someone who doesn't spit and blow things all over the stage.

Kiss Hater
FLEETWOOD MAC lover
Greg Dexter
Prairie Grove, Arkansas □

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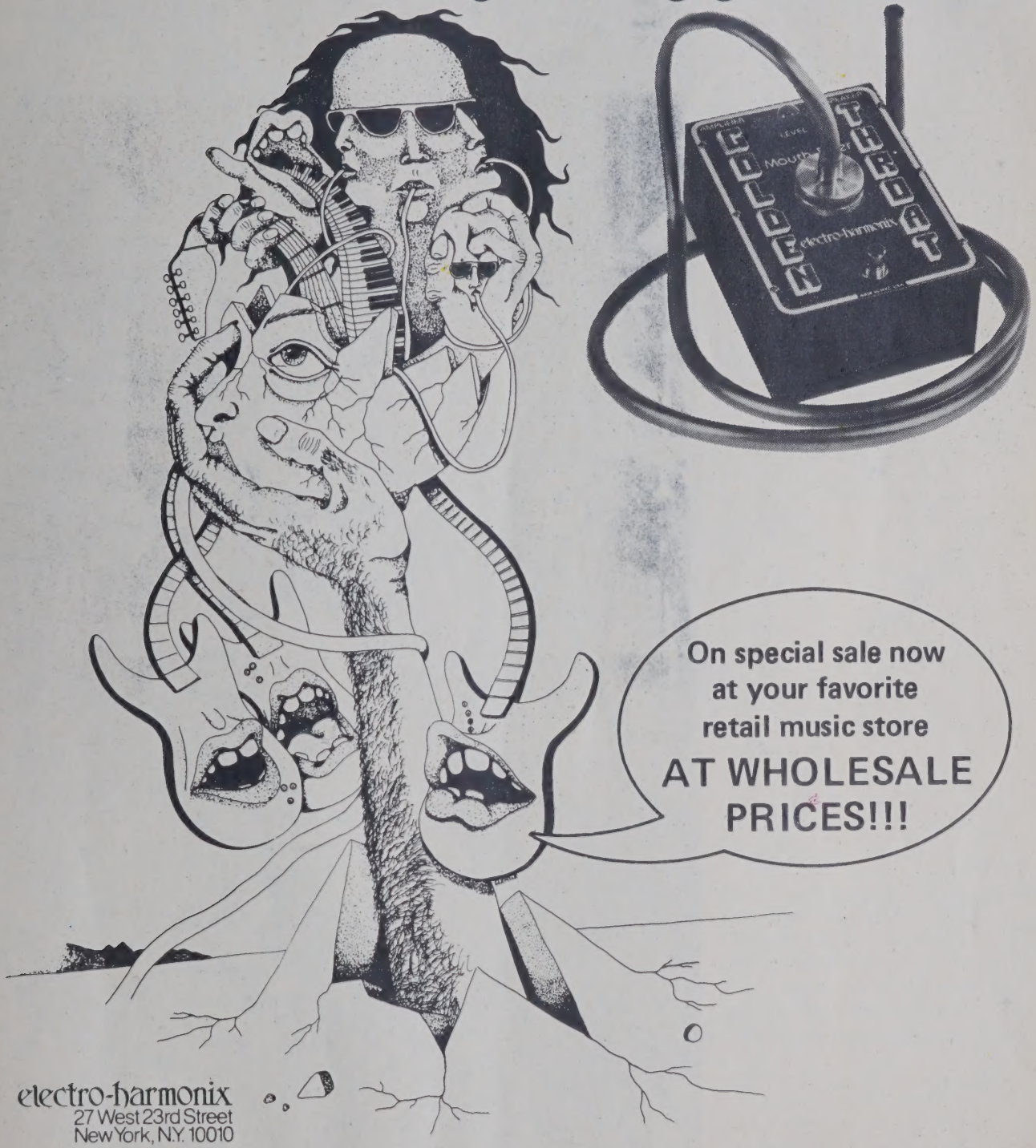

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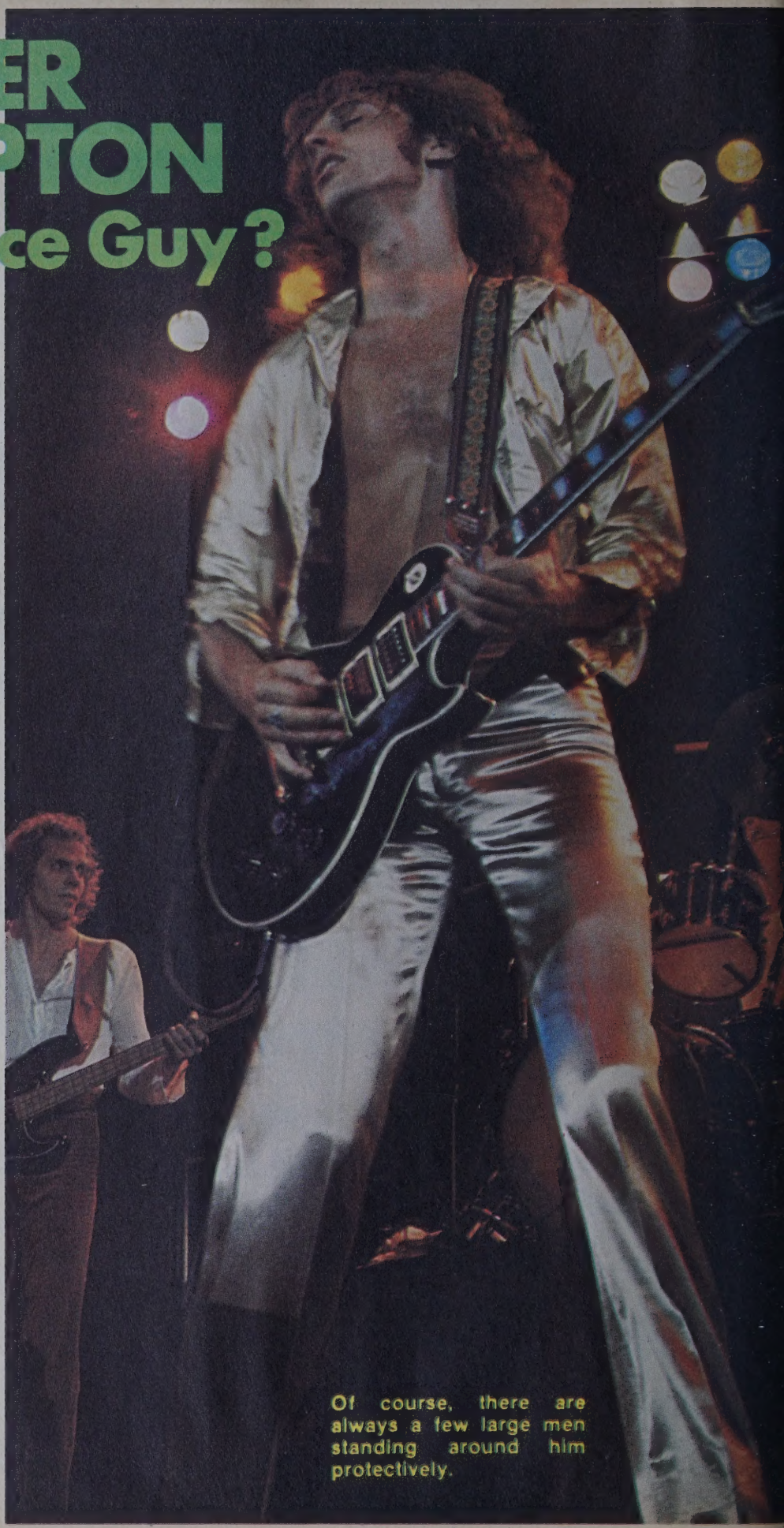


Of course, there are always a few large men standing around him protectively.

Screwed up ... it's gone to his head ... poor Peter ... he used to be so nice ... it's so hard to get to him now ... he's so paranoid ... they're all power crazy ... wait 'til he makes the movie ... he's scared about his next album, he hasn't been in the studio in years...

All this and more has been said recently about Peter Frampton, singer ... songwriter ... and rock guitarist who spent the major part of the past eight years paying his dues to have an unprecedented "overnight" success. But Peter, who has recently completed the

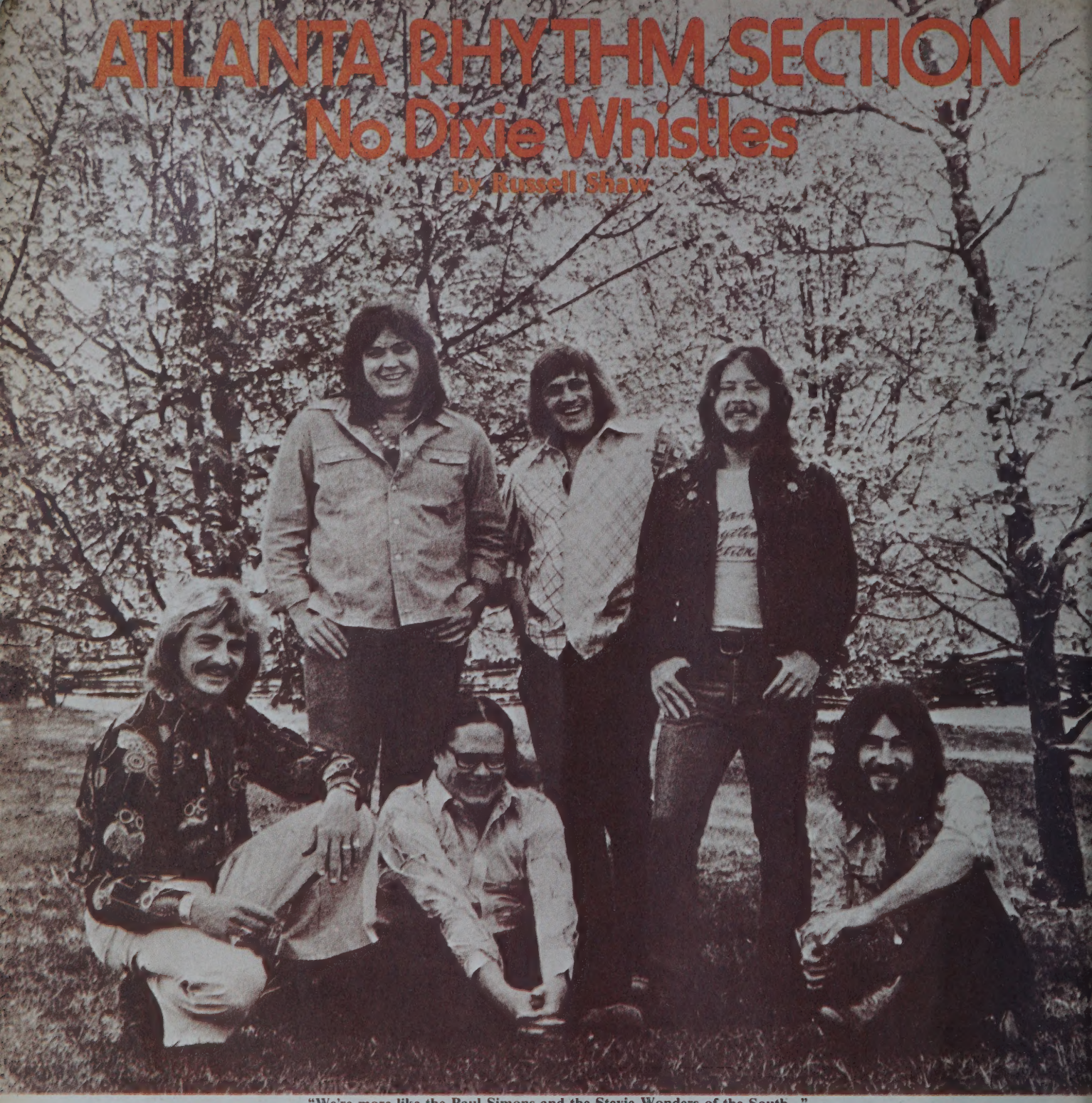
(continued on page 42)

 Photos by Neal Preston/Mirage

"The new album is progressing beautifully, said Peter, in between bites of a cheese and tomato sandwich at Peter Allen's party.

ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION
No Dixie Whistles

by Russell Shaw



"We're more like the Paul Simons and the Stevie Wonders of the South..."

"On Saturday, November 13, Cultural Affairs presented Atlanta Rhythm Section. The concert was a disgrace, starting from when one of the members said, "We have to have something to drink before we can play." A request for alcohol was in the rider. This request was deleted by my advisors in accordance with the no-alcohol policy on campus. The group ended up bringing alcohol in empty guitar cases. While they were performing, they had filled cups on stage. The group ran "out of gas" after less than an hour, drunk, with the volume up too high they continued on. The lead singer got the crowd on its feet and finished the set. The house lights went on because of the fear of destruction on the part of the auditorium manager. The group polished off the remaining alcohol, stumbled back on stage and continued to play. Atlanta Rhythm Section is a disgrace to rock and roll; too immature to play on the college circuit. When they grow up, maybe." (sic).

handwritten letter from the student government activities council of Southern Illinois University to a college entertainment publication after a recent ARS concert.

Looking more like a paunchy second-string left tackle than one of the better bass players in rock, Paul Goddard ambled his way to the wet bar. At home in his plush North Atlanta apartment during a rare break from a strenuous tour, the squat Goddard sat sheltered from the numbing blasts of a late Georgia winter afternoon. Sinking into a cushy pit group, he nursed a straight Scotch and mused about the latest fortunes of the Atlanta Rhythm Section.

"Man, it has sure been a cold winter out there on the road. In Minneapolis, our gig was was across the street from the hotel. After we walked one third of a block, our noses got frozen. I think it was minus-36 that night. Later, in Cleveland, there was a foot of snow on the ground, but the people still showed up."

Despite their constant touring, and billing with such non-Confederate acts as Boston, Santana and Jeff Beck, the six-member Atlanta Rhythm Section still finds themselves occasionally geographically pigeonholed when they go north of the Mason-Dixon. "Some people," frowns Goddard, "still haven't learned. That definitely includes the local press in different cities. They can sit and hear us tell them why we're not a Southern rock band, and they'll seem to understand. The next day, we'll pick up the paper and read the headline: 'Southern Rock Band Really Boogies.'

"Wanna know why we're not a Southern band?" Goddard, anxious to expound on one of his pet peeves, enthusiastically soapboxes. "Everybody wants to put us in the bag of the Allman Brothers. I can't think of any cut on any one of our albums that would sound anything like the Allman Brothers. Our chord structures are much more varied and our influences wider. The tastes in this band run from Genesis and Procol Harum to Willie Nelson and Jimmy Buffett."

Paul Goddard's maverick attitude even stretches into the political arena. With an evil glint in his eye, Goddard reveals, "We were playing a benefit for Carter and I was a big Reagan man. I was never against Carter, but I'm very much an individualist and never like to go on stage and have people tell me to look like a big Carter supporter when I wasn't. So I got a little drunk and called him a 'liar.' I shouldn't have said that." Paul, whose morning mail had included a mildly inquisitive letter from the IRS, pleaded, "I atone!!!," looking northeast out over his patio, towards Washington.

ARS was formed in 1971 as a merger between two giant sixties acts and several top Atlanta session men. Drummer Robert Nix and Keyboardist Dean Daughtry came from Roy Orbison's backup band, the Candymen; rhythm guitarist J.R. Cobb from the Classics IV; Goddard and front picker Barry Bailey from scale-paying studio work; and vocalist Ronnie Hammond from engineering duties at LeFevre Sound, a former gospel hit factory. They have a different musical and cultural heritage than the groups that Nix calls "those good Southern bar bands." Their sixth, and by far their most commercially successful album, *A Rock And Roll Alternative,* has exposed them as never before to a nationwide audience, yet in the southeast they have been institutionalized for some time. During the summer of 1975, the sextet played a joint concert date with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, then headlined three weeks later at a rock festival as 30,000 Labor Day celebrants drank up half a brewery.

A short drive through the piney woods from Goddard's abode lives a very large man in a very big condominium. Mounted on his wall is a gold record for the scribing of Billy Joe Royal's 1969 nympho portrayal, "Cherry Hill Park." Adjoining is a casing containing a mounted five dollar bill and a Baby Ruth, to be broken "in case of emergency."

There's a flurry in the living room. The new ARS single is just coming on a local station.

"Reckon I'll turn this mother up!" Robert Nix, a man so massive he makes Randy Bachman look like Eric Carmen, thudded to the volume knobs and adjusted the controls to roomfill. "A F—— HIT!" roared Robert, with the hedonistic anticipation of a Hun in a newly-fallen village. No need for the Baby Ruth just yet; the chart position of "So In To You" beckons caviar rather than candy.

If Paul Goddard represents the quiet, introspective side of the Atlanta Rhythm Section, then Nix stands for just the opposite. Over the years, his rakehell exploits have been so ballsy they make the "punkdom" of the Ramones seem like reveille at West Point. While lengthy annotation would be extraneous, suffice it to say that Robert's adventures have, by his own admission, included a legendary orgy in Miami with Lynyrd Skynyrd's Ronnie Van Zant; a Pier Six brawl with Grinderswitch's road crew following a now-forgotten incident two years ago in Orlando; and "that time in Montgomery when a bunch of us stood over Hank Williams' grave, singing songs and puking all night, breaking tequila bottles over the stone cowboy hat grave marker." An extremely tolerant wife of eleven years grins at the anecdote-weaving Nix with a quintessential "boys will be boys" look.

There's one thing that Robert does take seriously: his songwriting. Along with ARS manager/producer Buddie Buie and rhythm guitarist Cobb, he's the premier lyricist of the group; such tunes as "Hitch-hikers' Hero," which tells of the adventures of an aging hippie, are laced with sarcasm previously unknown in these parts.

Just as Nix is seemingly ready to recount an ultimate, best-for-last tale of debauchery, the phone rings. Barry Bailey is on the line. He's inquiring about travel plans, since ARS is again hitting the road the next day. "Here's a guitar-playin' son of a bitch, the Olga Korbut of the Gibson set," roars Nix, as he shotputs

(continued on page 62)

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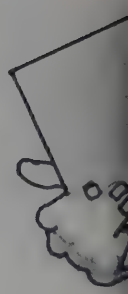

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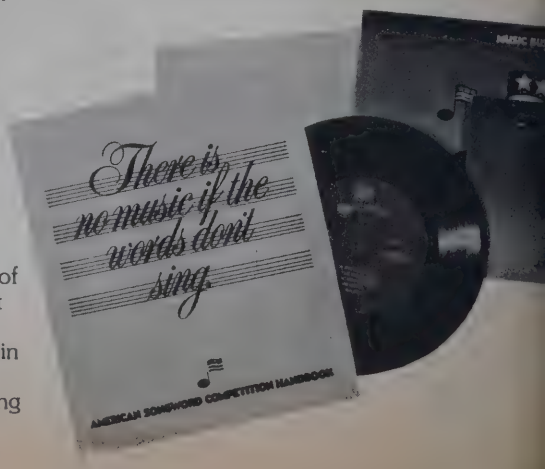

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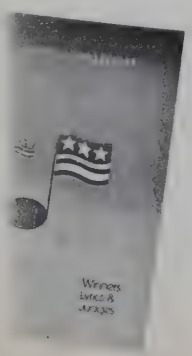

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ROCK & ROLL HOTLINE

Bad Company (Paul Rodgers, Mick Ralphs, Simon Kirke, Boz Burrell) plays the kind of basic, hard rock and roll millions of record buyers never seem to tire of. Neither, claims lead singer Paul Rodgers, does the band.

"We're still doing what makes us feel good," Paul said on the phone from London's Shepperton Studios where Bad Company rehearsed for its upcoming American tour. "I guess you're bound to reach your limitations eventually, but I don't think we have yet."

Although much of the music on Bad Company's four LPs sounds alike (including the just - released - and - shipped - gold - *Burning Sky)* Paul, who writes most of the songs, feels there's no limit to what they can do.

"I do think we've established a definite sound and I think it's very raunchy. But we do a lot of different things on this new album.

"For our first album we just more or less went into the studio and whacked out whatever songs we had at the time. The second album, well, we were a bit rushed," Paul says with slight understatement. (When Bad Co.'s debut LP raced to the No. 1 spot, there was obvious pressure on the band to get a second one out quickly.)

"We had more time to think about the third album, but with this one, we went into the studio with very little material. We had a lot of ideas, but no actual songs. So we really put it together in the studio, which was very exciting.

"I do feel we're developing, and doing different things all the time. We haven't gone as far as we — as a band — can get. When that time does come, I dare say we could branch out in other areas ... although I don't know what they would be."

Obviously, with four albums in their repertoire, Bad Co. has a lot to choose from for their live set. How long a show are they planning?

"Oh, I think we'll start Wednesday and finish up the following Tuesday," Paul laughed.

Lou Reed's current European tour is certainly receiving attention. First Lou, who in England is referred to as the "godfather of punk rock," was banned from the London Palladium. Then, his concert in Aarhus, Denmark, turned into a riot.

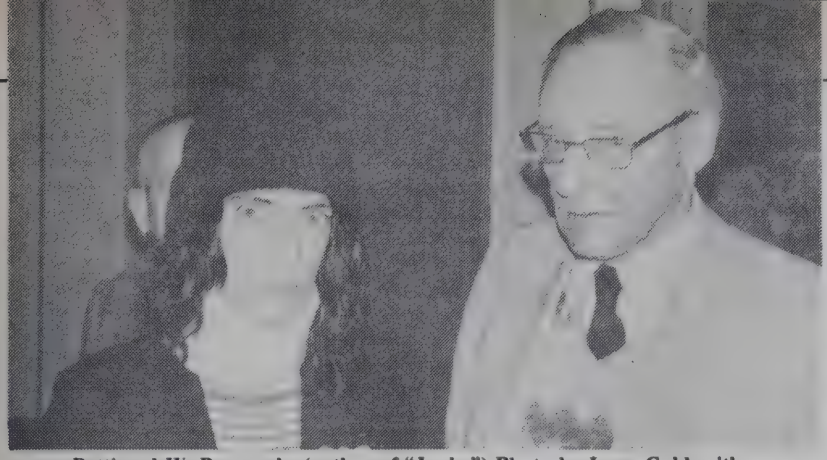
Lou phoned from Aarhus directly after the show and said: "People were throwing beer cans, and I said if they didn't stop, I would walk off. Someone still threw stuff, so I walked off-stage.

"The next time I looked out at the audience, the Steinway piano was on top of the p.a., and it was chaos, 2,800 people going wild. They ripped apart all the equipment and lights, and my crew — those who were still talking — said the monitors definitely suffered a concussion."

Lou's had problems with riots before. On a recent European tour, Communist youths rioted at Lou's Italian concerts; stones were thrown at him, and police with tear gas and dogs were out in full force.

(Of course Italy, a country not known for its abundance of rock and roll concerts, has always caused problems for bands; and most of them don't play there at all anymore.)

Where is Lou off to next? "Wherever I can play in a padded cell," he laughed. "Wearing a suit of armor."



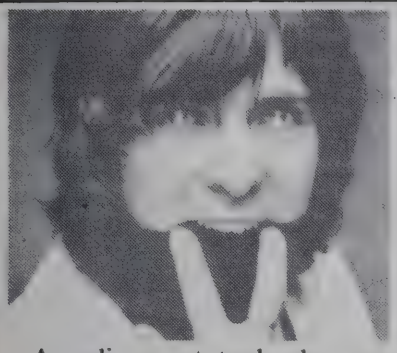
Patti and W. Burroughs (author of "Junky") Photo by Lynn Goldsmith.

Patti Smith taped the Mike Douglas TV show recently wearing her "longshoreman's look": a wool cap that covers the 29 stitches in her head, a boat neck T-shirt that easily fits over the neck brace she has to wear for a few more months, and a black gabardine suit.

She announced, "We who do not judge Keith Richard hope that God and country will soon pardon him," and then read one of her earlier poems accompanied by Richard Sohl on piano.

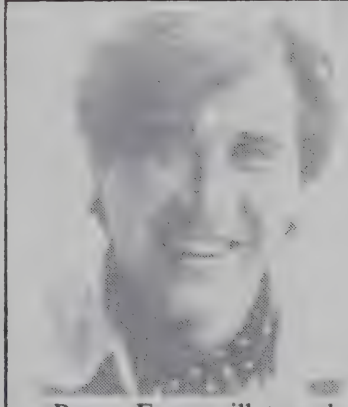
Patti is currently negotiating with William Burroughs, Dennis Hopper and Terry Southern who have asked her to play the second *male* lead in the film to be made of Burrough's book, "Junky." The movie will be shot in New York and Texas this summer, so after Patti's finished recording her next album (and since she can't do concerts until September), she may very well make this her long - awaited film debut.

Linda Ronstadt, who has turned down many big-money offers to star in her own television special, astonished even her own manager, Peter Asher, when she appeared in a surprise cameo spot as part of the backup trio on a recent "Saturday Night Live" show. Rumors are now that Linda is "dating" one of the Not Ready for Prime Time Players.



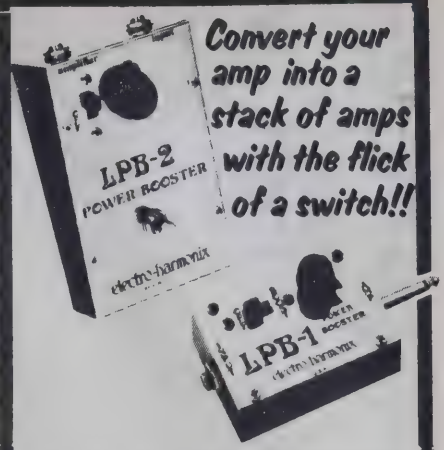
A radio event took place on Easter weekend when Peter Gabriel's live performance at LA's Roxy Club was broadcast live, in stereo, coast - to - coast.

The show was carried in its entirety over 16 radio stations from LA to New York, many stations broadcasting without commercial interruption. While one doesn't assume that record companies and radio stations will do this on a regular basis with many of their groups, it's a great idea to help promote a new artist.



Bryan Ferry will tour here in June. Plans are now underway for ballroom - sized concerts (like San Francisco's Winterland and the Palladium in Los Angeles) beginning around June 11 and winding up by the Fourth of July."

Bryan's new LP — *In Your Mind* — features the single, "Tokyo Joe." Bryan moves to the U.S. within the month and will divide his time between New York and Los Angeles.



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SPINADDICT

by
JAMES
SPINA

This month it got tough. REAL TOUGH. Sure lots of good records came my way but for some reason it was hard to really get over excited about anything. Why does that happen? Could it be traced to the day when I started playing an old album by a New York group that flopped, *Five Dollar Shoes,* and I suddenly realized that Graham Parker and Bob Seeger sound whimpy compared to the power that was oozing out of this five - year - old LP?

Or maybe the doldrums were brought on by outside influences that had nothing to do with any actual musical sounds. During this month, two things happened at my steady job (writing for Women's Wear Daily) that deflated my interest in "punk" (how I hate that label) rock. The first involved the showing of a collection by designer Zandra Rhodes that bragged about being influenced by the fashions of groups such as The Sex Pistols and The Damned. Just because she sticks a couple of safety pins in her tacky clothes she thinks she has a right to cash in on the latest trend.

If she's so interested why doesn't she get one of the groups to play at her showing or use some real fans to model her rags. The other instance involved one of my favorite writers on the staff coming over to my desk with a pair of "punk-pants" that some Seventh Avenue designer was putting out. Now we all know that if you want a pair of punk-pants you've got to go down to one of those bum-shops on Delancy and Bowery and pick out a $2 pair of ancient baggies to really be in business. And if you needed me to tell you that or if you needed Seventh Avenue to drape you, it's too late anyway.

Should I be complaining like this? A professional would probably swallow hard and try to give you his best. I can't. It was a disgusting month (my mother's not feeling well, I gained four pounds and my hair is a mess) and I'll be damned if I'm going to hide it from you. Even as I sit here things are getting better (The Pez Band sounds great and the Damned are playing CBGB's this weekend, not to mention The Car Show coming up on Sunday) but as things stand for this session of spins, the addict was most down.

NILS LOFGREN "I CAME TO DANCE" (A&M) Two months ago I thought about devoting a whole column to this record but as it stands now I'm having trouble putting together a whole sentence. Some of the old bit is missing and it's most obvious on his remake of The Stones' "Happy." DULL. The rest of the record is somewhat better, though certainly not up to the power of the first two solo efforts. I don't believe what I'm going to say next! This is my favorite record of the month. Forgive me, Nils, I still love you. I have only one final criticism. Why didn't you wait till I was in a better mood to release this?

EMERSON LAKE AND PALMER "WORKS" (ATLANTIC) I do not own any other ELP albums. I've always hated them and their contrived, overblown, pseudo - classical ramblings. I think *Works* is magnificent. The Greg Lake side has some of the most pleasant and beautiful singing I've ever heard on a record coupled to well - conceived orchestral arrangements and tasteful guitar structures. Emerson's classical side is a whole lot more listenable to than anything available from The Nice, Avante-garde jazzers, or Bach. And Palmer has outdone any other drummer in rock by proving that you can do something besides a twenty - minute drum solo if you give it some thought and surround yourself with people such as Joe Wals, Keith Emerson and Greg Lake. The ELP side contains a stunning rendition of Aaron Copland's "Fanfare For The Common Man" and a lengthy original, "Pirates," that manages to touch every base of emotions without once sounding pretentious or over - ambitious. All this means that I was probably wrong about this group all the time but just had to listen to them when I was in a bad mood to realize how good they really were. I'm already anxious for *Volume II.*

POOENIX "HENRIT - RODFORD - VERITY" (CBS) I always thought that the worst thing about Argent was Rod Argent. This just proves that the rest of the group was equally awful.

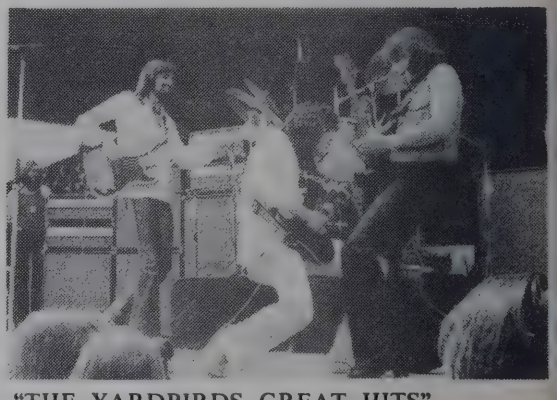
KATE AND ANNA McGARRIGLE "DANCER WITH BRUISED KNEES" (WARNERS) Everybody is raving about these two prunes. I think they sound as tired as Rita Coolidge, as misdirected as early - Ronstadt, as humorless as Joan Baez, and as sexless as Helen Reddy. Not everyone is raving about these two prunes.

"EGG CREAM FEATURING ANDY ADAMS" (PYRAMID) A hefty slab of pop music by a group that deserves both AM and FM success. I'm really hard-up for this bouncy, tough stuff. If this were 1965, Andy Adams would be giving The Loving Spoonful, The Box Tops, The Young Rascals and Jay and The Americans a run for the money. As it stands today, he's taking dangerous chances on a small label. I just stopped writing for a half-hour and listened to this record again. It's even better than what I said, especially "I Think It's Time We Met" and "Until The End". Please try it.

BELLAMY BROTHERS "PLAIN AND FANCY" (WARNERS) These guys had the hit that a group such as Egg Cream deserves. The label mentions "Curb Records" and that's just where it belongs ... one step away from the sewer.

SHAKTI WITH JOHN McLAUGHLIN "A HANDFUL OF BEAUTY" (COL.) This guy wouldn't know what a chord was if it came up and bit him right on his handful of turd. Classic concert moment occurred two years ago when Jeff Beck had to be forced up on stage to jam with John. Jeff was embarrassed because he probably realized that McLaughlin wouldn't be able to play any chord melodies when it was Jeffie's turn to solo. This guy should retire to his currie restaurant in Queens so he could dish it out without having to make any noise.

BAD COMPANY "BURNING SKY" (SWAN SONG) Lots of people whose opinions I highly value are always dumping on Bad Co.. Not me. Any band that can continue to build on the fire that started in Free cannot do wrong. Had they been unsuccessful, critics would be mourning their break-up, hailing Paul Rodgers as one of rock's finest unnoticed vocalists, lamenting the plight of Mick Ralph's piercing guitar plugs. Successful, they stand criticized as repetitive, blatant and highly unoriginal. I feel they live up to the connotations of their name and stand strong as torch bearers of a musical attitude I'll probably never tire of.



"THE YARDBIRDS GREAT HITS" (EPIC) While we're sort-of on the subject I might as well plug this reissue-repackage. Every song is a classic and Ira Robbins (the editor of Trouser Press) has come up with some liner notes that demand as much attention and praise as the music. Put it on and wait for your local TV station to air a chopped up version of "Blow-Up " That three minute

Yardbird spot is worth a hell of a lot more than most concerts you'd dish out dough for these days. The same could be said of these timeless Yardbird hits. Keith Relf, we miss you. Maybe I'll get an old picture of Beck and put my hair back in shape.

DOUG KERSHAW "FLIP, FLOP AND FLY" (WARNER) Useless fiddle - shticks.

WEATHER REPORT "HEAVY WEATHER" (COL.) ... AND NO RELIEF IN SIGHT. Oft times "progressive" is just another word for nothing left to do.

LOU RAWLS "UNMISTAKABLY YOU" (PHILLY INT.) The first step in that long climb back down to the cabaret circuit. Next stop: Dead End Street, disco-style.

GARLAND JEFFREYS "GHOST WRITER" (A&M) I'd let this New York legend ghost - write or ghost - sing for me any day. He's had some tough luck with his past record labels (Atlantic didn't push him and Arista pushed him into a disco - single) but this time he has his sensuous licks in order. His voice flirts with Jagger - gone - Jamaican (especially check out the very Stones-ish "Wild In The Streets") but Jeffreys is too scarred and professional to sound derivative. Instead, the music sounds well-tested but true. He sings that he "knows the score" and I don't doubt him for a minute. This is also a classic record in one other way. It is probably the first time I have ever agreed with the tastes of the music - editor of the Village Voice.

"JEFF BECK WITH THE JAN HAMMER GROUP-LIVE" (EPIC) Now this, guitar - freaks, is the real thing. Jeff Beck is the best rock guitarist in the world. Jeff Beck is the best high - powered jazz guitarist in the world. He even makes a storm - unit such as Hammer's sound downright acoustic in comparison. This record deserves the number one spot and I'd be willing to bet that by the time you read this it will be. Beck never seems contented with playing the same song in the same way twice.

His fills, his melodies and his solos all stamp their way towards some sort of once invented soon discarded oblivion so it is fitting that an album be recorded live to capture that white - heated genius. "Freeway Jam" opens up with a recreation of the sounds Beck is hearing as he sits in his hotel room and proceeds into one of the most awesome and devastatingly good guitar masterpieces I've ever heard.

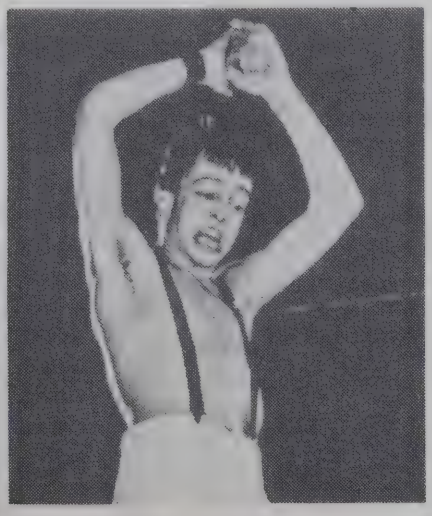
His rework of the Beatles "She's A Woman" makes the Mop-heads sound like Coltrane on a Jamaican holiday. The best bonus of the record is an uncredited rendition of "Train Kept A Rolling" right in the middle of "Blue Wind." Beck plays as if possessed by some metallic crazed hellhound. I could probably go on for hours about the intricacies and powers of Jeff Beck but since Jeff never really had much use for vocalization in any form I'll just shut up after daring anyone to name a better guitar player than ole Beckie.

KEVIN AYERS "YES WE HAVE NO MANANAS" (ABC) This guy is weird and I love him for it. Buy every record that has his name on it.

ROY HARPER "ONE OF THOSE DAYS IN ENGLAND" (CHRYSALIS) This guy is weird and I love him for it. Buy every record with his name on it.

IGGY POP "THE IDIOT" (RCA) This is the weirdest person in music and I LOVE HIM. Buy three copies of every album that has his name on it. This ain't disco like it was rumored. This is IGGYCIDE. What a beautiful way to go.

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS "TEENAGE DEPRESSION" (ISLAND) First taste America gets of all those snotty groups you've been reading about in "Sounds" and The New Musical Express. It is different from the import version in that songs from their live LP have been included on the American LP. What the hell, buy all three and stay way ahead of the game. The Hot Rods play real primitive, macho music very similar to the music made in millions of garages and gin-houses all across the universe. That is not and will never be meant as a criticism on these pages.



FOREIGNER "FOREIGNER" (ATLANTIC) In the fine tradition of Bad Company and King Crimson. That should be a contradiction but Foreigner is a case of musical marriage that works quite well. I only fear that the vastly diverse elements that make up this combination will soon splinter and leave me with just one fine album and a concept that deserved developing. Mick Jones, Ex-spooky Tooth, is a ballsy guitar player. Ian McDonald, ex-King Crimson, is one of the classiest horn players in music. Lou Gramm once had a group, Black Sheep, that worshipped Free. "Feels Like The First Time" feels like a hit in the same way "All Right Now" did. If you loved Bad Co. but wanted something a touch more progressive this group is IT.

SCORPIONS "VIRGIN KILLER" (RCA) I can't believe RCA is still releasing albums by this fine continental band. Does anybody out there own any Scorpion LPs.? Does anybody but myself and the reviewers on RCA's mailing list know that Ulrich Roth deserves this month's Blue Cheer rockironroll award? This disc was recorded on 32 tracks and for once every one was well worth it.

JUSTIN HAYWARD "SONG-WRITER" (LONDON) I truly wish the Moodie Blues would reform. It would certainly cut down on the vinyl shortage created by all these senseless solo projects. I suppose Justin is the best of the Blues but even he sounds pale and petrified.

MICHAEL STANLEY BAND "STAGE PASS" (CBS) This is the only band I ever reviewed on the pages of "Rolling Stone." At that time I stated that the music was so dated and frail it falls apart midway between your speakers and ears. This live double - disc is no exception to that snub. If this is Cleveland's best, the city must be sinking fast.

LES DUDEK "SAY NO MORE" (COL.) I guess this will do as a substitute until the new Boz Scaggs is ready.

PROCOL HARUM "SOMETHING MAGIC" (WB*CHRYSALIS) The whitest and dullest shade of pale to date. I hope the end is near for this once great group.

ELLIOTT MURPHY "JUST A STORY FROM AMERICA" (COL.) I really want to like this guy but three things keep getting in the way ... his voice, his lyrics and his music.

All in all, I guess it wasn't such a bad month. ELP, Nils, Bad Co., Egg Cream etc.. Hi, Mom. I really hope we both feel better next month. You know what would cheer me up? Some real good hate mail. Come on all you Procol Harum and Justin Hayward fans, get busy.□

DINNER WITH THE RAMONES

A Fantasy by Legs McNeil

Roberta Bayley

The big tall guy with dark sunglasses I recognized as Joey Ramone.

What was I gonna do! I cursed myself for being so stupid and started pacing the floor of my office nervously. In about 15 minutes a gorgeous buxom bombshell was gonna walk through the door expecting me, famed detective, interviewer and professional escort, to show her a night on the town. How was I gonna explain to this lovely sex goddess who could melt the pants of a monk that I was broke.

"Oh, come on, Legs," I thought to myself trying to rebuild my confidence. "You've been in tighter situations than this before. Just borrow the money and...

It was no use. I already owed everyone in Manhattan and half of Brooklyn money. "Well, it doesn't look like you're gonna get into a tight situation with this cunning cupcake," I said out loud, resigning myself to the situation. My thoughts drifted to lunchtime when I had met my date at the corner deli. Her resilient curves immediately attracted my eyes, and with a little of the old charm, I managed to swing a date with her. My mouth watered as a mental picture of her lovely anatomy appeared in my head.

Just then a light bulb flashed. "Hey, wait a minute, what about Lisa," I screamed out loud. "She knows my ship's gonna come in soon!!!" I jumped to the phone and quickly rang up Lisa Robinson, the famed Rock and Roll journalist. Her receptionist answered the phone and put me on hold explaining that Lisa was on another line. "Probably talking to Mick Jagger," I thought as I took a big gulp from a bottle of cheap scotch that was sitting on my desk among the clutter. I always kept one around for medicinal purposes.

"Hello, Legs, how are you doing?"

"Oh, fine, Lisa, how are you?"

"Oh, great, Legs, what can I do for you?"

I took a deep breath and thought, "Christ, this better be good."

"Well, Lisa, you've heard of that great hard - working charitable organization that helps millions of defected people every year, Muscular Defectomies?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, they just made me honorary chairman and I thought that since they gave me such an honorable position, the least I could do is try and raise some money for them, tax deductible, of course, you know, so that this wonderful charitable organization can keep on helping millions of unfortunate people every year."

"You already owe me fifty bucks," Lisa shot back.

"Damn," I thought, "there goes my last resource."

"But, Legs, I can give you a job if you're broke again."

A job!! Nausea ripped through my stomach at the mere mention of the word. I could just see myself chained to a giant machine that stamped out Kiss army buttons all day.

"I need someone to interview the Ramones," she went on to say. "You can go over to their loft tonight and talk to them and give me a story tomorrow morning. I'll call and tell them you're coming."

Before I had a chance to say anything else, Lisa had given me the address and hung up. I slammed the phone down wanting to kill. "How do I get myself into these things?" I screamed out loud. I pondered on the alternatives. If I didn't do this job for Lisa, I might never work in this town again, and on the other hand, my sex life was on the rocks and I was sure essential body organs were gonna wilt up and fall off from neglect. Oh, woe's me!

Being the trooper I am, I sadly pulled on my jacket, dusted off my tape recorder, and as I locked up the door, I hung a note explaining the situation to my date.

It was beginning to thunder and lightning when I hit the street. I had the sneaking suspicion that the rain's slight drizzle was going to turn into a raging downpour. As I splashed my way down the street, my thoughts turned to the job ahead. "I have never met the Ramones," I mused, "but I have heard them play ... Damn good, too." I just wondered to myself, as I got more drenched with every step, if they were good enough to make me walk crosstown twenty blocks in the pouring rain. I pulled my jacket tight around me and pressed onward.

I finally reached my destination and the big tall guy with dark sunglasses who I recognized as Joey Ramone answered the door. He introduced himself and got me a towel to dry my hair. "Joey is the lead singer of the Ramones and he's got the most unique singing style I've ever heard," I thought as I ran the towel through my hair. Joey brought the towel back into the bathroom and I walked into the main room. Johnny Ramone, the lead guitar player, was in one corner of the room with his guitar connected to some funny box. My shrewd mind deduced that he was tuning up. Tommy, the drummer, and Dee Dee, the bass Player, were sitting around a table sipping coffee and reading "Enemy Ace" comic books. They all looked up and nodded hello when I entered the room.

Joey returned from the bathroom and explained to me that Lisa had just called to say I was coming, "but I sorrow to say we can't do the interview tonight. You see, we promised our Aunt Hilda that we'd go out to her home on Staten Island for dinner." Johnny put down his guitar and approached us, putting on his black leather jacket. "We're sorry to bring you out on a night like this," he apologized, "but we really did promise Aunt Hilda."

"You and me both," I thought.

Tommy finished his comic book and joined us, saying, "Maybe we can do it another time."

I dreaded the thought of walking back home in the rain without accomplishing anything. "Hey, why don't you let me come out to Staten Island with you?" I asked. "It would give me a chance to see you with your relative and stuff."

The three Ramones looked at each other uncertainly.

"It would give me a chance to break through that violent image you guys have!" I pleaded.

"Let us talk about it for a minute," Tommy said as he tore Dee Dee away from his comic book and lead everyone into the back room. I could hear muffled talking, and a few minutes later the Ramones returned. Joey spoke first, "We'll let you come and do the story, but only under one condition..."

"What's that?" I asked quickly.

Dee Dee spoke for the first time. "We'll let you do the story if you never ever mention anything about Aunt Hilda!"

I agreed to the condition, but my curiosity was aroused. I asked Dee Dee why not. His voice grew ominously silent and he whispered, "She's kind of unbalanced," and gave me a funny look. I shut up and followed them out the door.

We hailed a yellow chariot and piled into the back seat. As we sped onward to South Ferry, I stared out the window and watched the lightning bolts hurl down from the menacing black clouds above. I had a sneaking suspision this wasn't going to be just an ordinary interview...

Bob Gruen

I had a sneaking suspicion that this wasn't going to be just an ordinary interview...

The cab dropped us at the ferry terminal and we were lucky to grab one that was just leaving. After a short uneventful boat ride, we reached Staten Island, the most secluded, backward borough of the five that make up the city of New York. The five of us dashed off the floating tub before it could even drag anchor. We splashed our way to the taxi ramp and Tommy hailed the first cab that came by. "Going to Brighton Beach?"

The cabbie opened his window about a crack, careful not to get a drop of rain on himself as we stood there soaking wet.

"What?" he grolwed.

Tommy repeated himself.

"What part of Brighton Beach?" he asked.

"Brighton Cove."

The cabbie gave Tommy a weird look and shouted gruffly, "No way, kid, I'd never go up there after dark, let alone on a night like this!" Before Tommy could question him further, jumped in the cab and he squealed down the drive. The thunder grew more intense and I thought the storm must be right over us, almost like, well, following us. Another cab pulled up and this time Tommy bribed the guy with a twenty. We jumped in and sped off into the wilds of Staten Island. The cabbie was the first to break the silence.

"Uh, I don't got, uh, much gas, uh, I think I can only take you to the border of Brighton Cove."

I could see that the Ramones were all growing tired of this mumbo jumbo. Dee Dee bent over the seat and grabbed the cabbie's collar and yelled "we paid you twenty bucks and you can bet your ass you're gonna take us all the way to the front door!"

The cabbie started shaking like a drunk who had the DTs. "Well dat p-p-place is haunted up th-there."

Dee Dee held his grip and pressed the nervous driver for an explanation. The cabbie told us in the same nervous stuttering tone about how Brighton Cove had once been a mental asylum run by a wicked old lady who tormented the inmates into doing her bidding for her. Dee Dee released his grip and fell back into his seat. I knew from the looks in the four brothers eyes they were all thinking the same thing. Dee Dee confirmed my belief. "No! It couldn't be dear sweet Aunt Hilda" he said chillingly.

Tommy asked the cabbie when the asylum had closed and he replied "about a month or so. After a long investigation by the state."

"That's why she wants to see us" Joey broke in. "She's probably gone broke since she was fired and wants to borrow money."

"I thought it was a little strange that she invited us over, she was never interested in us before," Tommy said. Just then he remembered that I was in the car. He turned to me and said seriously, "remember, not a word about this to anyone."

As the cab pulled up the driveway of

We followed her down a long hallway and into a large, dimly lit library. We all took a seat.

"So, you're the Ramones", our hostess said, breaking the silence. "I've been dying to meet you."

"The way she said that was a little weird for me", I thought, as I looked around the room noting the looks of apprehension on everyone else's faces. I was relieved to know that someone else had the creeps. The old lady must have noticed our uneasiness.

"You're probably wondering who I am", she giggled, just as a flash of lightning exploded outside the window highlighting every crack and crevice on her ancient face. "I'm Lydia Logan, an old friend of the family. I've been staying here since..." She hesitated.

"Since the asylum closed?" Tommy broke in.

"Oh, then you've heard. Well, Hilda's been going through some rough times and I came to comfort her."

Just then I realized that Aunt Hilda must have been in charge of the asylum, and remembering Dee Dee's comment about her being unbalanced, I wondered what exactly she had done to cause her dismissal. I was all set to start firing questions at the old lady, but I remembered my promise and decided the less I knew about Aunt Hilda the better.

My thoughts were interrupted by a big, goony - looking butler who entered the room with a tray of Bloody Mary's. As he clumsily served us our drinks, I thought to myself, "boy, hired help must be really hard to find if they get this guy." Joey also recognized the butler's strange appearance and cracked "thanks, Lurch!" I burst out laughing. Miss Logan dismissed the butler and then turned and gave me a dirty look. I quickly shut up and did all I could to keep from just running out the door.

"I thought there were only four of you?" she asked to no one in particular.

"Oh, there are. He's a writer", Johnny said, as he pointed to me.

"Well, the more the merrier", Lydia Logan said as she raised her drink. "To your health, boys."

We each raised our glasses and drank politely, but I thought to myself, "if this is a Bloody Mary then I'm the Shah of Iran." I didn't know what the hell it was, it was so cold and salty — but after the first swallow, I knew I didn't want seconds. Just then the goony butler reappeared at the door.

"Excuse me, madam", he said moronically. "There is a phone call for you." Miss Logan excused herself and followed the servant down the hall.

"Boy, is she a weirdo", Johnny said, after she was safely out of earshot. Joey got up and walked over to a potted plant in the corner of the room and dumped his drink into the dirt.

"Maybe you'll like this stuff," he said to the plant.

"That's a good idea" Tommy said and he walked over too, and gave his drink to the plant.

Johnny and I looked at each other and both got up and joined Tommy and Joey in getting rid of our drinks.

"Well, what kind of drinks do you expect from a butler like that", Joey said laughingly as we all quickly took our seats, hoping that Miss Logan wouldn't walk through the door and wonder what we were all doing around the plant.

"Oh, it's not so bad", Dee Dee said as he finished his drink. "I could go for another!"

"You would!" Tommy, Johnny, and Joey shot back in unison. I started to laugh and thought to myself that Dee Dee must be the skapegoat for a lot of Ramones jokes.

Miss Logan re-entered the room and told us that Aunt Hilda had just called. "She said she's very sorry but she's gonna have to be even a little later", she explained. "It seems the storm has caused a bridge to wash out, so she'll be about an hour or so, but she said to go on and have dinner without her."

Just like clock work the goony butler came to the door and announced "Dinner is served."

"Shall we?" Miss Logan asked in a very aristocratic voice, and lead us into the dining room.

"I don't know if I'm being overly suspicious or what," I thought to myself as I took my seat at the long dinner table. But the way that butler came right in seemed planned. Miss Logan interrupted my thoughts.

Bob Gruen

"It's a little strange she invited us over ... she never was interested in us before..."

Aunt Hilda's gothic estate, I felt a yellow streak shoot up my spine. I felt like saying "thanks for the ride, guys," and taking the cab back to the ferry, but I knew I couldn't bow out that gracefully. "Come on Legs, there's probably a great story here," I thought to myself as I tried to stop my knees from shaking.

The cab deposited us quickly at the front door. I felt a tremendous surge of helplessness overcome me as I watched the departing taxi's taillights until they disappeared into the night. Someone banged on the door and I jumped in fright, causing all four of the Ramones to break into laughter. Embarrassed, I tried to brush it off. "The thunder makes me nervous."

"Sure, sure" said Joey, grinning.

"Come in" she cackled. "We've been expecting you." The Ramones stopped grinning and I could tell that they didn't recognize the old lady. I followed Dee Dee, Tommy, Johnny and Joey into the house.

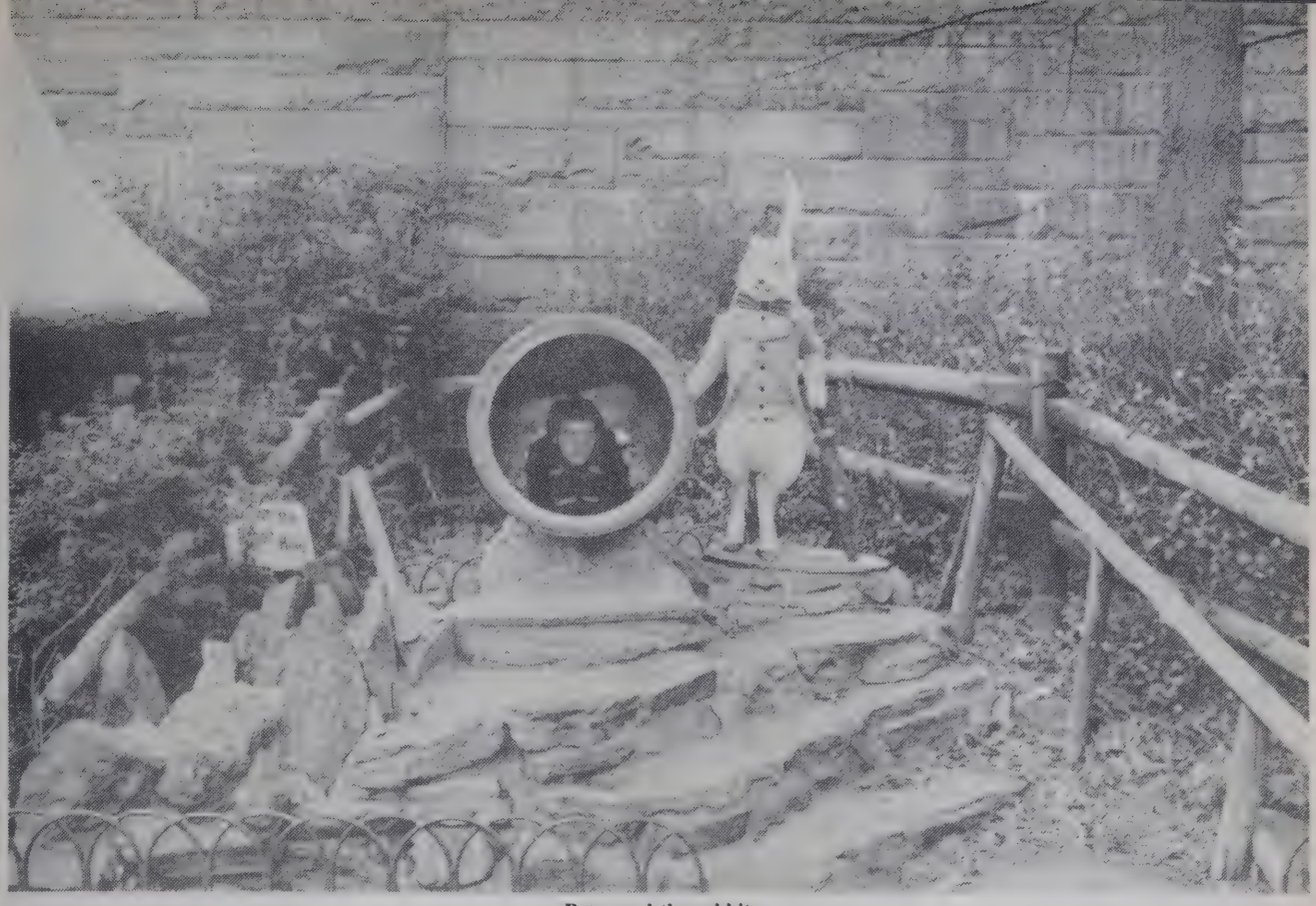
"Where's Aunt Hilda?" Johnny asked, slightly unnerved.

"Oh, she had to do some things in town and just phoned and said she's going to be a little late," our mysterious hostess explained, as she took our coats. "I'm sure she'll be back by the time we finish our cocktails. Shall we adjourn to the drawing room?"

"What's the matter, lost your appetite?"

I was so busy worrying about a conspiracy that I hadn't even noticed the spaghetti in tomato sauce that had been placed in front of me. I looked around embarrassedly and slowly began to shove the food into my kisser. The tomato sauce tasted more like the Bloody Mary's than tomatoes. I thought, "It's not like it was really sickening, but just that it's so different than anything I ever tasted." The conversation did nothing to make the dinner more pleasant. The Ramones talked silently about inane things and then even I started slurring my words, my head growing heavy ... tired.

Just then I realized the horrible truth about what was happening to us. We had been drugged!! My mind tried to grasp onto some explanation, and I turned to Lydia Logan. I wished to God I had passed out before the sick old woman could treat me to the most hideous sick experience of my life. I sat there in a drugged stupor as she started laughing hysterically and clapping her hands as a signal for the butler to enter. He hurried into the room pushing a long tray with what seemed like a mutilated body! I couldn't believe my eyes! Blood was gushing out! The servant rolled up his sleeves and in the sickest insane way ever imaginable, pulled out something slimy and dished it out onto the plates. I vomited twice and the last thing I remember before my face fell into the plate of spaghetti was Lydia Logan jumping on top of the table and screaming in a crazed hysterical way, "Aunt Hilda's finally coming for dinner ... Aunt Hilda's finally come for dinner ... Aunt Hilda's finally come..." □



Peter and the rabbit.

THE VIEW FROM SOLSBURY HILL

by Richard Robinson

It was cold and raining the morning I met Peter Gabriel to go with him to Philadelphia. He was playing The Tower Theater, a majestic old show place in the Philly suburb of Upper Derby, Pa. I wanted to see Peter perform once before his appearance at the Palladium in New York, and Philadelphia was an easy train ride away.

After a stop to examine holograms at the Museum of Holography in Soho, we arrived at Penn Station in time for lunch at one of the station's fine luncheonettes. Then we boarded the Metroliner and switched to the train's continental cuisine. They even had Heineken in cans.

Peter spent most of the trip examining a black thread along which were threaded a dozen stainless steel razor blades. It was a magic trick I'd gotten for him at Lou Tannen's Magic Shop. The trick was to put the razor blades and thread into your mouth and then pull the blades out magically threaded along the thread.

I spent the trip going over the notes I'd made from my interview with Peter the week before. Some of our conversation ran in the last issue of Hit Parader, but I want to use some of it here to further explain Peter's thoughts about his music and his role as a variety performer.

With the mysterious Mr. Fripp at the wheel and Peter tucked snugly in his winter jacket and scarf in the back seat we negotiated our way to the Tower and settled in for the sound check.

Larry Fast came in, we sat around and talked, Peter and I went out to stand in the wings to watch Television's set, I took some pictures, and then it was time for Peter to go on.

For this solo tour, Peter did not use any of the outrageously entertaining costumes that he used during the Genesis shows. His theatrics came from inside himself, rather than from stage props. The result, which came about for a number of reasons, was Peter and his band of musicians as the sole entities on stage, except for two prop moustaches and a wireless mike. Peter wore a track suit. But with his posturing, his faces, his stage movements, his sense of timing, his skill as a mime, the performance was enchanting. Peter is a great stage performer.

The next night at the Palladium in New York I sat in the front of the orchestra and watched the show again. From out front it had even more impact.

After the show Peter and I drove back to New York. As the lights of the gas stations on the Jersey Turnpike sailed by, we talked over some of the things we'd talked about a couple of weeks before.

Peter told of a visit to Scandinavia. He was in the airport lounge. He sensed there was something different about the environment. "It took me a good three minutes to realize there was no piped music. The people weren't embarrassed by the silence. It was like some grimy blotting paper had been removed from the environment."

Peter and I talk about things like that; about people and how the fantasies and realities of life affect them. It may sound philosophical, but it's more like magicians talking shop than anything else.

Sometimes we gaze into the crystal ball and look for the future. "I see things sort of grinding to a halt. Maybe a big natural shake around, maybe the LA earth-

quake," says Peter. "But basically I see things as sort of a mental transition, perhaps it will be begun by a natural phenomenon.

"I personally believe that we have telepathic capabilities and so on. And these are quite likely to be realized by a large number of people in a short space of time, rather than by any sort of particularly self-made decision. And at this point people have built a very dishonest world around themselves. They will be severely damaged if not actually destroyed by this influx of other people reading what they actually think or feel."

Peter says that he finds it real hard to say what he's thinking because, as he points out, the English tradition is built upon not saying what you're thinking. We talk about the old Sherlock Holmes movies where everything is so formal, so cerebral, so perfectly mechanical in people dealing with each other. Nobody shakes anybody and screams *who did it!*

The apocalypse. Some British pop papers have said that Peter's solo album has many messages in it about the apocalypse. Pretty weighty stuff, especially when you look it up in Webster's Dictionary: "...the expectation of an iminent cosmic cataclysm in which God destroys the ruling powers of evil and raises the righteous to life in a messianic kingdom..." (You'll have to look up messianic for yourself).

Anyway, I ask Peter about the apocalypse. After all he's up on Solsbury Hill looking around so maybe he's seen something we haven't.

"Do you see that as a major theme in the album? Do you see any major themes in the album," I ask.

"I haven't done it at all, actually," he says. People have pointed out two or three things in the album that might suggest that, but they seem sort of separate entities to me."

We switch subjects. I ask if Peter in the old days when he shaved his head up the center was an extreme part of his personality in those days.

"I think it still is," he answers. "I'm sort of an introvert with an exhibitionist streak."

"You seem much more in control of the exhibitionism now in terms of how you control it and go about it."

"Perhaps. I'm not sure." Peter laughs. "We'll soon see. I really don't know how I'm going to feel on stage. Fear, I think."

We talk about Peter's songwriting. He has piles of cassettes which contain bits of melody and lyrics to be worked up into songs. "That's the most boring part of my work," he says. "Listening to all this and if I find something I like then I'll struggle back to try to relearn it." As for how much time he spends working on new material, it's not every day. "I'm not well disciplined like that. It's usually about a week after the deadline."

Talk turns to Peter's home life. He lives in the English countryside. I ask about his daily schedule. "I get up, I have breakfast ... I go outside. I take the kids, or the eldest one out for a walk. I was jogging for a while. I go into the town and wander around. I work almost every night after the kids have gone to bed."

"Do you spend a lot of time listening to other people's records?"

"Not that much. I'm usually spoon fed and switch on the radio."

Our talk wanders into the future again. We talk about how things are going as the century comes to an end. "I would just like to see large things broken down into small things," Peter explains.

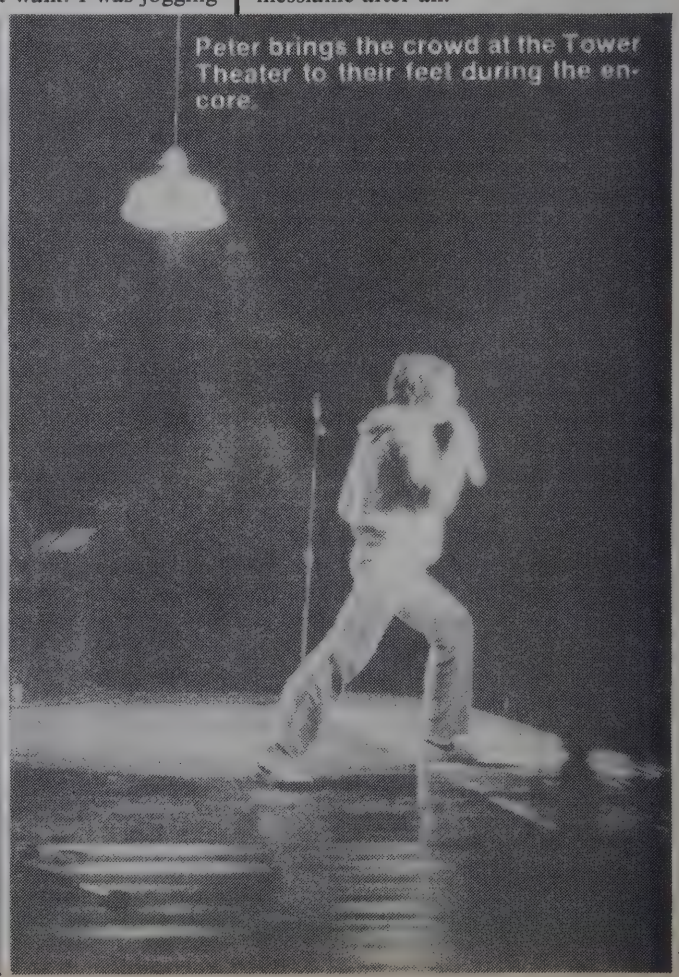
"Like decentralization on many levels, that's why I'd like to see people stop watching television," I say. "People having local accents and local ideas, not that nationalistic sense of people thinking and doing everything the same at the same time."

"Although in some ways I think there's a certain amount of that, what do you call it, where everything becomes the same, homogenization, that sounds like an impressive word, they do it to milk so it must be okay. I think that's unavoidable. But at the same time I think it is important to revitalize sort of local communities."

As to moving to America for a longer period of time than a tour, Peter says he's still thinking about it. With a laugh, he adds, "How long that will take I don't know."

Miserable, cold New Jersey rain splatters the windshield. Looking in on us, we must look like Peter's album cover. And maybe, I think, the big wash is coming and I better look up the definition of messianic after all.□

Peter demonstrates a position during "Modern Love."



Peter brings the crowd at the Tower Theater to their feet during the encore.

JOURNEY
Voyage On The Seas Of Music

by Joseph Rose

Journey is now at the point where it can go into a city it has never played before, open for a popular band and nearly steal the show...

Come on the amazing journey and learn all you should know.
— the Who

It's quite a trip, the amazing Journey, and the band's newest album, *Next,* should probably have a question mark after it. Judging from the past, what's next for these four amazing musicians could be anything. They could well have a few more downs before the ups, but more than likely this will be the year when they emerge as superstars.

Why? Well, first of all, it's in the grooves. The new album rocks a bit harder than the first two, *Journey* and *Look into the future,* but the music on all three is equally magical.

But even more important, Journey is a performing band that is at its best working together with an audience to achieve some kind of explosive synthesis. They do this without even a dashing lead singer or much razzle - dazzle showmanship. It's all in the music, and the music is more colorful than dozens of costumes, more exciting than myriads of special effects, more engrossing than almost any prancing lead singer.

"You want people to get attentive to it and then you can change it," says Gregg Rolie, Journey's keyboardist - singer. "You can do all kinds of things when they're attentive and listen."

You've heard Rolie's voice singing "Black Magic Woman" and other Santana hits, but in Journey, it's no longer the slippery, sleepy instrument it was in Gregg's former band. "I use a harmonizer," he says. "It's like a digital delay but more so — the Cadillac of digitals. It broadens the voice to fit the music right.

"Because there's an echoplex on Neal's guitar which broadens it like crazy, and when the voice is just straight it doesn't sound like it goes with the music. The tonality of it is wrong. This broadens it to the side of the band."

The Neal whom Gregg refers to is Neal Schon, Journey's guitarist, and it's true that he plays one of the heaviest guitar sounds around. But what's so special about Journey is that even in the midst of one of their most far-out space epics, Schon's wild solo winging is always full of earthy emotionalism. This band, unlike others with big sounds, never has to worry about sounding sterile.

Even the rhythm section of drummer Aynsley Dunbar and bassist Ross Valory is as unmechanical sounding as you can get and still keep the beat. Dunbar, in fact, is sick of his image, carried forth in hundreds of photos of him drenched in sweat and looking totally exhausted. But though he managed to get a clean-cut picture of himself on the new album cover, there's no way he'll ever be Mr. Cool as a drummer.

"The idea for me is not so much that

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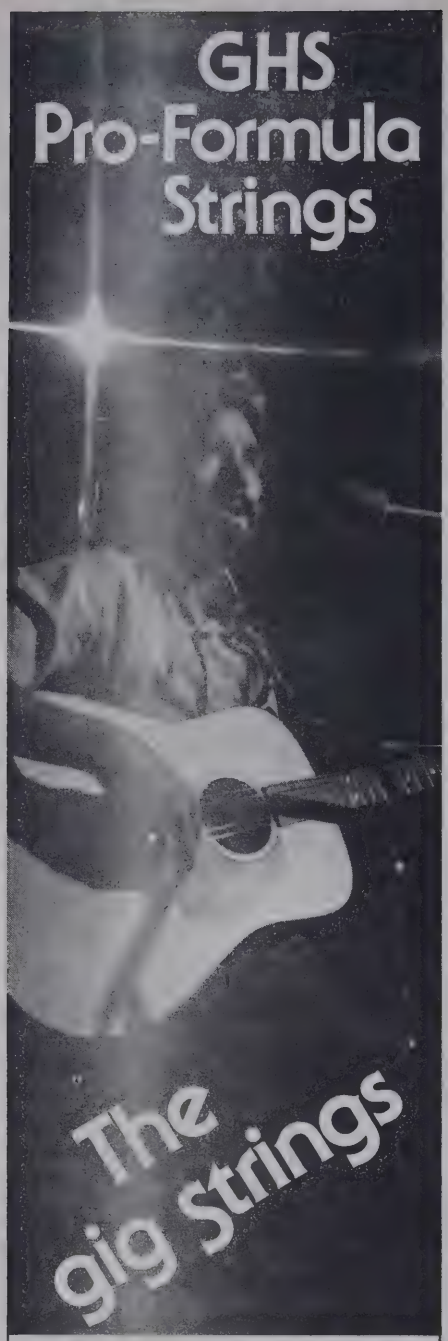

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Journey has to be progressive all the time," says Aynsley. "I've just got to be able to know that the band can attain a progressive feel, that way we can play whatever we want to play it.

"Because the band definitely feels different feels. We're not locked into the rock and roll cliche and have to stay there. We go into a rehearsal hall and Neal will come out with a funk riff or something and we all start playing some funk or whatever, from straight rock and roll through some nice flowing fantasy type feels, to like straight jazz type of things."

The fantasy numbers are where Journey really stands out. On pieces like "Of A Lifetime," "In My Lonely Feeling," "Look Into The Future," "You're On Your Own" and "I Would Find You," the band creates a thick stew of mood over which Schon sets off guitar fireworks. The result is a kind of epic voyage on the seas of music, with you in a raft that is tossed here and there but which always comes home to port in the end.

Where did all this begin? Well, for Dunbar, the veteran of the band, it started in Liverpool in 1946. The son of a grocer, he got into drumming as a trad jazz drummer and began touring when he was 15. After he returned to Liverpool following one tour, he found that in his absence the whole jazz scene had died and had been replaced by rock and roll. He had been told by his jazz friends that there was no money in rock, but he decided he'd either have to try it or leave Liverpool. On his first gig, he not only found that he liked playing rock but he also quadrupled his earnings.

Aynsley played in a number of rock bands, including the Mojos, who had the hit "Everything's All Right" which David Bowie re-created on his *Pinups* album. After the Mojos split, he joined John Mayall and played on the famous *Hard Road* album with Peter Green and Jon McVie, who later founded Fleetwood Mac. After that he was with the first Jeff Beck Group which included Rod Stewart and Ronnie Wood, but he quit before the first album was recorded because Beck kept cancelling jobs (a habit Jeff has not yet broken).

By this time, he was a little soured with some of the bummers laid on him in the various groups he'd been in, so when he finally formed his own band, he called it the Aynsley Dunbar Retaliation. But even though he hand - picked this group, it also couldn't maintain unity and split after four albums. Aynsley tried putting together a big band, called Blue Whale, but when it didn't work out, he joined Frank Zappa's Mothers of Invention, and he was very happy there for three years. But then Zappa was pushed off the stage in London, breaking his leg. "Ten months he was off," recalls Aynsley, "and we weren't getting paid. We got paid by the gig, not by the week. He wanted me to stick around, but I just couldn't do it."

Now started another series of brief encounters. First there was an American and European tour with Flo and Eddie and their two exc albums); then the *Berlin* album, in w was as freaky as an and some session w including the famo show, *Pinups* ar Although he had during this time, he his time in England a couple of times, from a Walter Her Schon, but he was thing else, so he ig

Finally, after a manager, Aynsley Bowie and came h He decided to retu he'd been getting.

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Since then it's be traveling for the b hand. Journey is n can go into the ci before, open for nearly steal the sh twice myself.

As I said earlie

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e with Bowie's d working with to Los Angeles. me of the calls

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quite a trip.□

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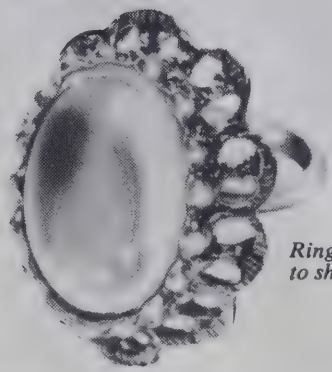

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ROCK FROM THE RIGHT SIDE OF TOWN

by Richard Robinson

David Gahr

I told him he looked like a teenage Tony Bennett.

I didn't know anything about Southside Johnny the first time I saw him perform. In fact, Southside to me was one of the characters in some crazy rock critic's comic strip where Bruce Springsteen plays Little Abner.

When Southside made his entrance, I thought to myself here's a guy who looks like a punk. He wore a black velvet suit, open at the neck with the white shirt collar folded over the lapels, a red carnation in his button hole, and dark glasses. He had Jersey punk written all over his kisser and he needed a good haircut.

"You look like a teenage Tony Bennett," I told him later. "You could play the mainroom when they open the casinos in Atlantic City."

I'll always remember the show he put on. It was a star performance. I loved the Stax-Volt horn riffs. I thought the songs were good to excellent. I discovered that Southside has powerful lungs behind his exceptional vocal style. But, most of all, I loved the *schtick*. This was more than rock & roll. This was rock and roll turned into genuinely entertaining show biz.

Southside's performance was punctuated by visual and musical energy. There is no overt structure to the set, but he and the Asbury Jukes give a performance that includes many theatrical flourishes. They sing, dance, blow their horns, rock their guitars, pound the drums, and work their asses off to guarantee that the people who paid their money have a great time. And it works.

Southside Johnny is Johnny Lyon, born 4 December 1948 in Neptune, New Jersey. Most of what I know about New Jersey I got from reading *On The Road.* Also from driving home from Philadelphia and from a train trip Lenny Kaye and I took to New Brunswick where we sat backwards the whole way there and I lost my Zippo lighter with the CKLW logo enameled on it when I accidentally dropped it in the chemical toilet. I kid my Jersey friends who live in New York that Jersey jokes bear a great resemblance to Polish jokes. I wouldn't kid like that in NJ.

*****

The Asbury Jukes are Kevin "Close-Out" Kavanaugh, Kenny "Popeye" Pentifallo, "Little Willie" Rush, "Big Al The Dcotor" Berger, "Saxy" Carlo Novi, Eddie "Clams" Manion, Tony "Muff" Pallagrosi, Rick "G the G" Gazda, and Richie "La Bamba" Rosenberg. Southside explains where he got his name: "At the time, I was basically known for playing Chicago blues, and since the South Side of Chicago was where it all happened there, the name sort of popped up and stuck."

*****

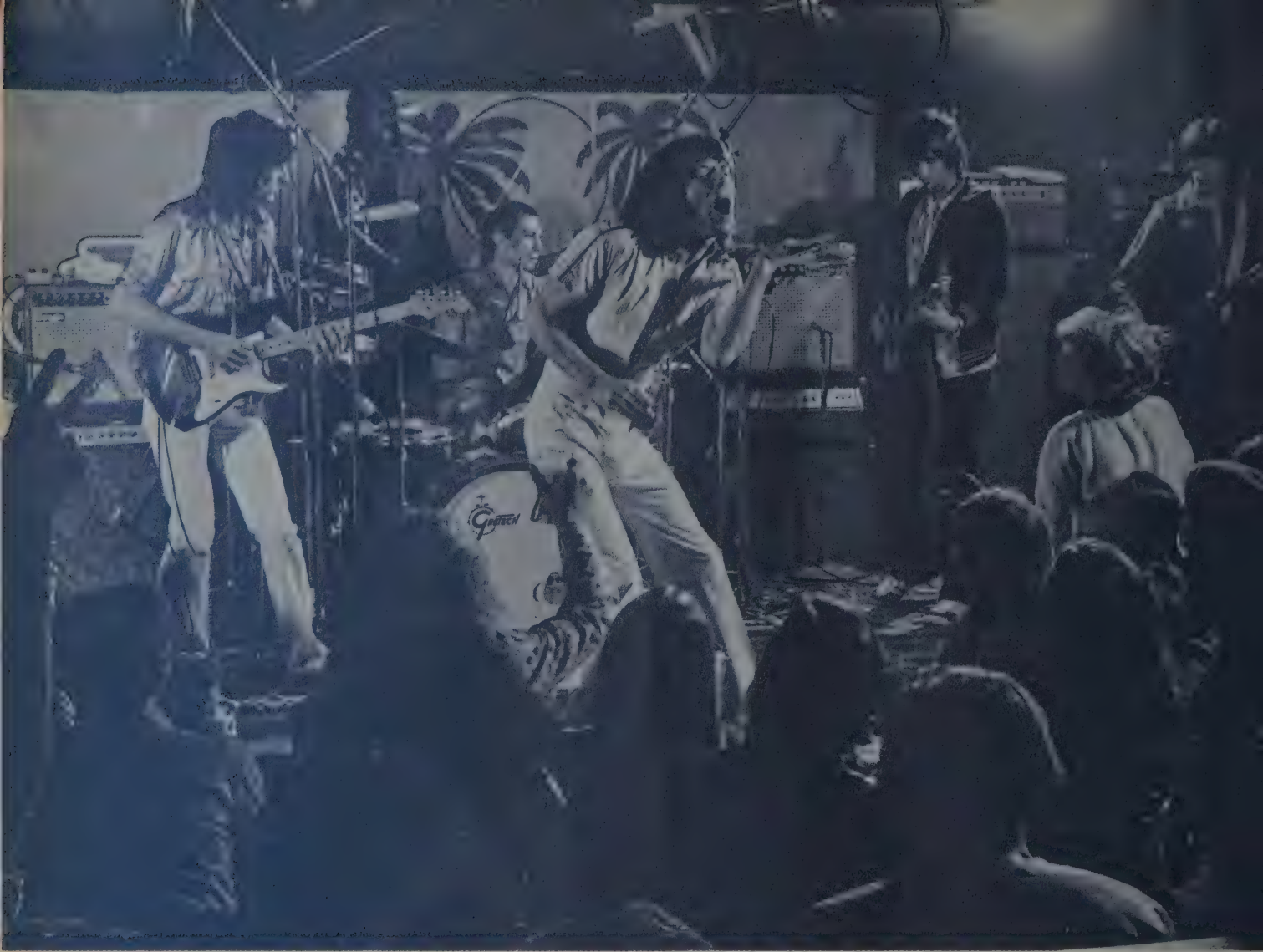
Southside is in New York taking care of the release of the band's new album, *This Time It's For Real,* on CBS; they've just come in off the road, they leave for Europe at six the next morning to tour with Graham Parker, and then they're back for the opening of their first movie — they play themselves in the new film "Between The Lines."

He takes time out to talk to me for twenty minutes on the phone.

First we talk about how The Coasters, The Five Satins, and The Drifters come

(continued on page 60)

Southside Johnny belts out a number during the show.



Mick Jagger, singing these songs without the aid of exaggerated makeup, or flamboyant costume, was ageless.
Photo by Ken Regan/Camera 5

THE LAST TIME?
With The Stones In Toronto

By Lisa Robinson

It was a surreal rock dream. In the unlikely setting of a tiny Toronto club, the Rolling Stones performed what could have been their last show together.

What was planned as a live set for their forthcoming album turned into a drama when guitarist Keith Richard was arrested in Toronto for possession of heroin.

Faced with Richard's possible jail sentence, the future of the band seemed gravely in doubt.

With the added elements of frustration and fury, the Stones performed a magnificent two-hour show for 350 ecstatic radio contest winners in the El Mocambo Club.

For the band, the experience must have been strange, for they haven't performed in a club since 1964, in Bristol, England.

"I wish we could make money doin' gigs like this," Mick Jagger said after Friday night's exhilarating show. But before they went onstage Saturday, he sat on a banquette in the private area reserved for the band and we talked seriously about the Rolling Stones — who performed for 10 million people on their last tour here — doing a concert in a club.

"It's not exactly like us goin' in and doin' a club," he said. "Look around ... there's lawyers, bodyguards, radio contest winners. It's an artificial set-up, really."

But what about the excitement of being able to see the Stones up close? "Oh, that's good," he agreed, "but those people who think we should do it all the time are living in the past."

Wearing no makeup except for a thin line of kohl under his eyes, Mick looked great. And, with a white terrycloth robe over the green-and-white striped jumpsuit that served as his stage costume, Mick laughed about doing a show dressed in a "tropical outfit."

"Last night I wore a T-shirt, leather pants and boots, just street clothes. But it

The Stones haven't performed in a club since 1964, in Bristol, England...

Michael Putland

was so hot onstage. The good thing about special stage clothes is that they're meant for the stage," he said somewhat defensively. "If I go on in jeans or leather trousers, they'll just split.

"It was fun onstage last night, but all these girls were grabbing at my pants. Once they started, they didn't stop. It was great up to a point, then it got quite difficult to sing."

As for the band's future: "I dunno what's goin' to happen," Mick said seriously. "It's really been very heavy up here."

In the dressing room was Margaret Trudeau, wife of the Canadian Prime Minister, who has been a constant member of this week's Stones' entourage. Mdme. Trudeau, who ditched her security guards and checked into the room next door to Keith Richard in the Harbour Castle Hilton Hotel, arrived at the club both nights with Jagger. Afterwards, she was observed wandering around the hotel hallways dressed in a white bathrobe and hanging out with the band.

"I've always been a Stones fan," she said simply, while her husband's comment, as reported in the Canadian press, was: "It's her private life and she's on record as saying she wants to lead it the way she wants to. You won't get any official comment from here."

Watching Mrs. Trudeau pose for photos with Jagger, Keith Richard and Ron Wood, drummer Charlie Watts muttered, "I wouldn't want my wife associating with us."

Bassist Bill Wyman said straight-faced, "She's helping to improve English-Canadian relations."

Excitement had been building up in the club for three hours (the audience had to sit through an opening act by Canadian band April Wine), and when the Stones came onstage after 11 p.m. with no fanfare, it seemed both natural and incredible to actually see them there.

"Honky Tonk Woman" began what was immediately clear would be a great set. As the Stones flashbacked through their own history with numbers from the latest *Black and Blue* lp, material performed on the 1975 tour, early Stones classics and vintage blues, it was impossible for any Stones fan — and that must include anyone who loves the energy of rock and roll — to remain calm.

The joint — as Chuck Berry once said — was "rockin": the club was hot and sweaty, and it smelled like sex.

The show belonged to Keith; the musical emphasis was on the nasty rockers so closely identified with the man considered to be *the* rock and roll guitarist. But it was impossible to keep one's eyes off Jagger, who was giving a *performance*.

One of Jagger's problems in arenas is that his intelligence and the campy humor of his art does not come across from hundreds of feet away. With this show, the memory of Jagger as a prancing ant in the 1975 behemoth stadium concerts was erased. It was a shame every Stones fan

couldn't see this set.

Mick pulled out all the stops: eyeballs rolling, mouth leering, body posturing ... and his actions were instinctively scaled down to the size of the stage he occupied. Mick is a professional and he knew that the eventual album would sound better if he worked up the crowd. But he can't fool me — despite his attempts to seem blase, he was having fun.

And so, he was very sexy; wriggling his rather well-endowed lower anatomy suggestively, and revealing his still nearly-hairless chest glistening with sweat. Mick sang so hard the blood rushed to his face and the veins stuck out in his neck. He unzipped his jumpsuit down to his white bikini underwear, stuck his fingers down his pants and in his mouth. He was outrageous.

While some girls grabbed at Mick, others handed bits of paper to Keith, Bill Wyman and Ron Wood for autographs. They obliged and Jagger even signed the arms of one girl who now has the dilemma of deciding whether to ever wash again.

The old Muddy Waters blues and early Stones numbers they did brought to mind something Mick told me in 1975 about "aging rockstars":

"When I started out, I never wanted to be a rock and roll star. I wasn't into singing teenage lyrics. I was singing songs written by 40-, 50-, 60-year-old men ... so age, what does it matter?"

Mick Jagger, singing these songs without the aid of exaggerated makeup or flamboyant costume, was ageless. And with the energy evidenced that weekend in Toronto — if the Rolling Stones are free to continue to perform — they have quite a future indeed.

I just hope that Eddie Kramer, who engineered the recording of this set, got it all down on tape. □

It was impossible for any Stones fan — and that includes anyone who loves the energy of rock and roll — to remain calm...

Sykes

THE HIT PARADER
INTERVIEW

by Lisa Robinson

KIKI DEE

"I'm still learning how to command an audience as a performer. It's taken a long time."

We talked in London this past winter, just before she finished A TASTE OF KIKI DEE. Kiki looked fabulous, and was enthusiastic about her Elton - produced LP, as well as the projected plans for her forthcoming spring tour.

HP: How was your English tour?
Kiki: Well, it was really the first time I toured since 1975, and I was just getting into it again. There were a lot of things to be tightened up before I go to the States. We sold out, which is always something, because I've only done one headline tour before. I've supported Elton lots of times, and I've done gigs with the Beach Boys and Steely Dan in America ... lots of bits and pieces.
HP: How do you feel about performing in America ... what music do you plan to perform?
Kiki: Well, I want to kind of start from this album — because it's been two years since I've had an album. I'd also like to get into some more stuff with a show. This last tour I was so much more confident...
HP: Why was it so long between albums?
Kiki: Well, I didn't write for a year. I was going through personal things more than anything; after "Music In Me," I think I had a little bit of a success relapse, if you know what I mean. It really can go with it ... a year went by, I wasn't writing, I don't think I was ready for what was happening to me. I'm much more ready now — everything seems to be running smoothly.
HP: Were you under pressure to do more things because of the hit? Were people pulling at you?
Kiki: I think it was an identity thing that I had in the past. I started off doing cabaret. It was only in 1973 that I started writing a little bit, and I sort of emulated the people I liked, like Joni Mitchell and Linda Ronstadt. I listened to all those sort of contemporary girl singers, because before that I was really into sequin gowns, you know? I was doing that when I was about seventeen — all the girl singers in England did that then. People still don't know what to expect from me...
HP: When you came out onstage during Elton's tour last year you got an amazing response. Were you pleased by that?
Kiki: Yes, it was amazing ... I guess it was the record that did it, the single was number one, after all. Also, I guess people just knowing a little bit about me from "Music In Me"...
HP: Elton told me that he sat down to write a number one song and "Don't Go Breaking My Heart" came out ... Did you immediately know that it would be such a hit?
Kiki: No, I didn't. I just got a call from him because he said ages ago that we should do a duet album. He still wants to do it, but I can't do it until I've got a few more albums out. I've never had a hit album yet, just a few singles ... And I feel I'm still suffering a bit under that thing of 'leaning on Elton John' ... like Elton's girl.
HP: Well, do you feel that it's hurt you?
Kiki: Well I don't feel anything negative about my relationship with Elton. He produced my first album in 1973, and he was on my last one. We really work well together, and I'm coming through on my own now. It's never been a hangup for me. It's just that other people create a problem that doesn't really exist. My records that have been successful don't sound like Elton. It's not like I'm singing the same songs or the same kind of music. I guess until you're established as an identity or a personality in your own right — people are going to do that.

Anyway — he called me up, and he said 'I've got this song;' I think it's probably one of the first things he's written without Bernie giving him a lyric. Usually he gets lyrics from Bernie and then starts writing the melodies. He just said 'I've written this tune, and I think it would be a great duet.' He just asked if I'd be into doing it, and I said yeah. Even after we did it and it was due for release, I still wasn't sure. It wasn't until I heard it on the radio that I thought it was a hit. It just sounded so right on the radio.

I was very curious about what it would be like having a record out with Elton. Obviously, it moved four times faster than any of my albums did. It was just incredible, one week later it was on the charts. The reviews were dreadful; it was number one in the States and going to number one in England and the reviews were dreadful ... it was so funny...
HP: About this album, did you write songs for it?
Kiki: I wrote four on my own, and two with other people, so that's six. That's more than I've ever done before. I really think the writing side of me is still very much inside. Basically, I don't have any set roots, you know? Either in England or America. So it was always so hard for me to think about the music or the writing because I was always moving back and forth...
HP: How did you and Elton work out the arrangements?
Kiki: Well, because I've worked with Elton before, we kind of know how to work together. Without even thinking, we go into the studio and I play the songs and we discuss it. Then we rehearse it with the band and get the rhythm tracks down. He's great to work with. I don't know if we'll work together constantly - if we'll do the next album together or what ... But at this point in my career it was very good for me to have Elton. I always feel safe with Elton, I relate to him very well, and he always likes the songs I write. I don't really know what it is ... I just like working with him.

We laugh, he's really *so* funny. You know what he's like. If I'm in a mood, or something like that, he starts screaming through my ear, and it makes me laugh. The nicest thing about our relationship is when we first met, he really helped me. He went out and bought me lots of Joni Mitchell albums, people I'd never heard before. He got me started listening, and he did an Italian tour and I did backup

"I didn't write for a year ... I don't think I was ready for what was happening to me. I'm much more ready now ... everything seems to be running smoothly..."

"I don't feel anything negative about my relationship with Elton ... We really work well together..."

vocals on it. He introduced me to a whole contemporary thing and it just evolved. I'm taking over now, though. I would hate to think that after three years I would still be saying "yes Elton' or 'no, Elton', you know?

HP: Do you get nervous when you go onstage?

Kiki: Nervous is the wrong word. I'm still learning how to command an audience as a performer. For me, it's taken a long time. Now it's beginning to happen that I can go out there and be relaxed and do what I'm doing and get the feel of the audience.

HP: Do you feel that your career has come full cycle in a way; in that you began with a cabaret thing, then got into contemporary music, and then now you want your shows to get more ... well, sort of 'showbizzy' again?

Kiki: Well, I don't think I should limit myself. Basically what I do best is sing, right? I'm a singer. I want to develop writing because it's such a lovely thing to achieve — writing a song. It's such a creative thing, more than anything. I don't have any preference towards people who just come out and play, or a theatrical thing. It's so individual, you just have to find your own balance. Elton's a bit of a showman, although he's basically a musician. The music is really what makes Elton who he is ... With me, it's all just a natural progression. There's never really been a drastic change.

HP: Do you want to have a band?

Kiki: Well I'm meeting a lot of musicians right now and I know quite a few players. So I'm learning what kind of people it would be right for me to work with. But I don't think it would be right for me to have a permanent band right now because I don't think I'm ready for it, really. Although it's a nice thought.

I don't think I've got any problems, basically, if the people like my albums. A lot of people are aware of me who might not have been aware of me before, because of Elton. So, this time I've just got to come up with the goods. It's a good time for me, in that way.□

"I was very curious about what it would be like having a record out with Elton. Obviously, it moved four times faster than any of my records did."

LED ZEP ON TOUR

Jimmy's new "look" includes smoking cigarettes onstage...

more thunder, lightning and the hammer of the gods..

by Lisa Robinson

"The worst thing for us would be if we were considered a nostalgia band," said Led Zeppelin lead guitarist Jimmy Page as their U.S. tour opened this week. "But I don't think we are. One stays contemporary by changing. Going out on a limb all the time is very rewarding."

Jimmy was relaxing in his hotel suite after the first of four sold-out Chicago

(continued on page 64)

Photos by Neal Preston

"I was afraid to tell the band about the tonsilitis," said Robert. "But now my voice is much stronger. I'm able to do things with it I never could before..."

BRIAN WILSON
genius or madman?

by Jim Girard

Andy Kent

Brian Wilson has been called many things — from "genius" (a common handle) to "madman" (an equally severe description). As the driving force behind America's well-respected Beach Boys, Brian Wilson has created the finest music of his time. He is both the most overrated and most underrated talent in the music profession. Is he crazy? I don't know. After speaking with him I still don't know. Although his mental condition has been the (labored) topic of one too many features in the rock press, he shows no outward signs of being lost forever. He is neurotic (by his own admission) and shy, but he communicates just fine in his music. Come to think of it, for all of his supposed mental problems, Brian Wilson is more mild-mannered and cordial than 90 percent of his peers.

Brian answers questions in short, but direct answers. Often, sometimes to the point of distraction, Brian will answer a seemingly easy question with a plain "I don't know." He doesn't lie, anyway.

What Brian has to say is said in his music. All of the recent rock press — all of the cover stories and strenuously-pressed reports about his wanton ways — has proven that trying to figure out a man like Brian Wilson or trying to dissect him like some freak in a circus is totally useless. They were spinning their wheels. Not only that, their cruelty (hidden behind some masked journalistic crusade) was unforgivable.

With *15 Big Ones,* Brian took the entire country on a nostalgic trip, bringing us an album of half oldies and half original material. With *The Beach Boys Love You,* however, Brian Wilson has compiled a totally original batch of songs; no oldies for filler, this time.

It looks as if Brian Wilson is totally back in the saddle. To stress the point, Brian even notified his publicists to line up some interviews to talk about the new album and just to say hello to a few people. Little did I think that Brian would call *exactly* on time for his HIT PARADER interview though. He did.

I mentioned that I knew he was moving and wondered if he'd built a studio in his new home. "No," said Brian. "I still live in BelAir here and I'm calling from home now. I was thinking of getting another home, but we have decided to stay here. We've lived here for eight years."

By "we" Brian means he and his wife, Marilyn Wilson.

Brian was chipper and alert during our interview, but didn't offer too many

He is both the most overrated and underrated talent in the music profession.

I asked Brian if he read all of the stories people have been writing about him.

"I don't like to read about me as much as I used to, but I still do. I do like to read about The Beach Boys. Criticism doesn't offend me; I just take it. It never got me too upset, no." says Brian.

"Hey, have you heard Dennis' album?" he asks.

I told him that I had talked to Dennis a few months back and he told me all about *Pacific Ocean Blue,* his first solo album. Brian seemed satisfied.

Most of all, Brian Wilson was enthusiastic about *Beach Boys Love You.*

Brian said: "*The Beach Boys Love You* was much harder to finish than the last one (*15 Big Ones).* It was much harder for us because it was all new songs, you know. It took a longer time to make. Real hard."

Songs from *15 Big Ones,* Brian explained, were either oldies, of course, or original songs that weren't really new — ones that had been laying around on tape for years. Only a handful of tracks were written specifically for that album. Hence, the looseness of the package. Brian explains: "Like 'Back Home' is really old. It was originally written in 1962, but it never got finished. 'Back Home' was recorded, but never used. Other things were like that."

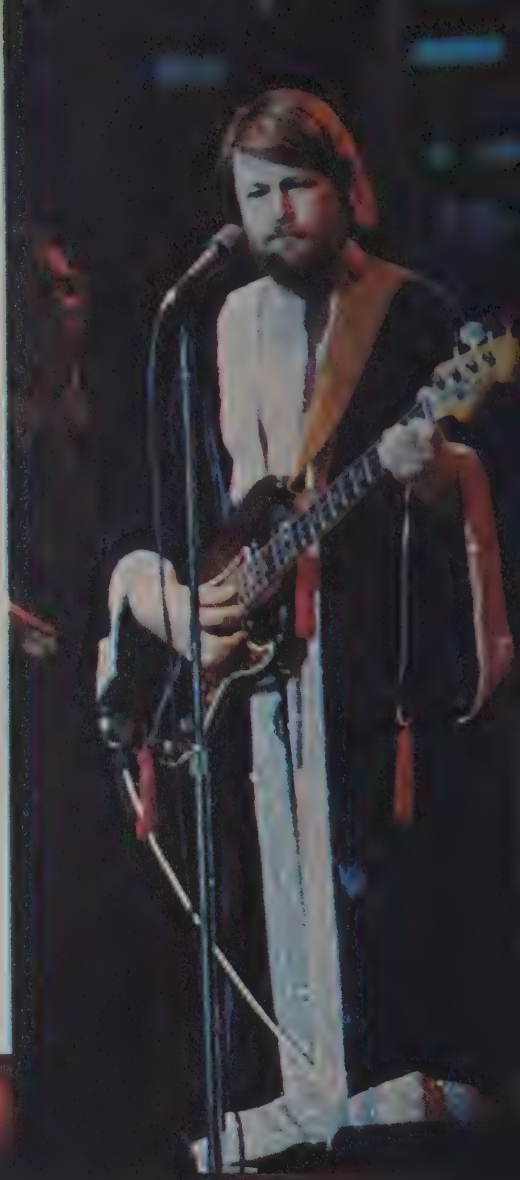
On *Beach Boys Love You,* all the songs are originals. All were written within the past year or so and Brian plays a larger role in the creation of this album than he has in a Beach Boys album since *Pet Sounds* in 1966.

"Of the fourteen songs on the album, I sing six — can't remember which ones though. I think my favorite songs on the album are 'Airplane' and 'The Night Was So Young'," Brian says.

I asked Brian if The Beach Boys really had *another* whole album finished. "Yes," he said. "We recorded two albums at the same time, sort of. The other one is finished, but we don't have a title yet and the tracks aren't mixed or anything. I have no idea when it would come out either."

Needless to say, Brian has been involved in quite a lot of recording as of late. Not only were two Beach Boys albums being recorded at Brother Studios (their own studio in Santa Monica, CA), but also a Dennis Wilson solo album, plus Eric Carmen was doing vocals for his second album there as well. With everything buzzing, Brian found himself working overtime. Dennis would even work a split shift, so to speak; he'd do sessions with the band from 9 am until 2 pm each day and cut tracks for his solo lp during the evening hours.

(Eric Carmen was amazed to discover he could barely book time there to do a few vocal sessions. Ex-Beach Boy Bruce Johnston was working with Carmen on his vocal backgrounds, when they discovered that they needed another part — one that Carl Wilson could sing perfectly. "When I called Carl," Eric Carmen explains, "he told me he would love to sing the part on the song, but it was his anniversary. He told me to call Brian. I did and Brian came down; he sang the part." The song is called "She Did It" — check it out.)



Dennis said, "It's really a treat to have all five of us back on the road playing together. With Brian back it isn't a chore anymore."

Preston Kent

It's the way it always should have been.

Stuart G. Liben

When I mentioned Eric Carmen to Brian, he said that he loved Eric Carmen. Did he notice a strong influence that Carmen had gotten from him? "In some ways I can see where I have influenced him to a point, but I can't really tell just how or where," Brian says modestly.

I knew I had to ask Brian about his Saturday Night Live performance some months back. Of course, everyone knows he was nervous and sweaty, but did he regret playing solo on national TV?

"Oh, no," Brian says. "They just hired some musicians to play in the background and I did 'Back Home' and 'Love Is A Woman' from the new album. I did 'Good Vibrations' too. My doctor at the time thought I should do it, so I did it. I enjoyed it. Yes, very much. The others, my brothers that is, they liked it a lot too."

I knew that it wasn't good to get too philosophical with Brian Wilson, especially on the telephone. I did want to get his reaction to something Van Dyke Parks (who co-wrote several songs with Brian years ago) said about music being Brian's best friend — the thing that never betrayed him. Did he agree with that? Brian answered a polite "Yes." He softly said: "Music *is* my best friend. I feel that is true. I couldn't elaborate on that though, but I feel that it is definitely true."

As I hung up the phone with Brian, I thought of something Dennis had told me some months back about just how important it is to all of The Beach Boys to have Brian back. He said: "It's really been a treat with the five of us back on the road and playing together. Really good. Brian just decided he wanted to do it again, you know. With Brian back it isn't a chore anymore. We love him; now it's the way it should have been."

Considering that *The Beach Boys Love You* is such a vibrant tribute to American life — complete with Brian's paean to "Johnny Carson" — I would tend to agree with Dennis' statement. Now, it *is* the way it should have always been. □

"Music is my best friend," Brian agreed, "I feel that is true."

Andy Kent

PETER FRAMPTON

(continued from page 9)

studio album to follow up the huge live double LP, is about to go on a summer tour, make his first film, and he's doing just fine, thank you.

Secluded in a corner at Peter Allen's private party before his Avery Fisher concert was a very healthy - looking Frampton, who said that the new album had progressed "beautifully."

"We have 17 tracks already," he said (this was before its completion in April), "but it won't be a double LP. After I'm through with that, I'll probably be back on the road, then do the movie."

Peter was in a great mood, and seemed his usual "pre-superstar" self. Of course, there were a few large men standing around him protectively, but that was to be expected.

****

A recent rumor concerned Peter's private life; his longtime girlfriend Penny McCall had split for Germany and a romance with a German concert promoter. While this couple had problems before, friends thought that this time the split was for keeps. Peter, however, busy with the album and plans for his tour and debut film, was reportedly enjoying his newfound freedom.

****

At presstime, details of the LP and the tour were difficult to obtain. What was learned was the title of the album was to be *I'm In You,* with definite tracks "I'm In You," "Hot On the Line" and "Rocky's Hot Club." (The album, scheduled for late May release, might *possibly* also contain a cut called "Can't We Be Just Friends?" which Peter played for friends at the Beverly Hills Hotel the night after the "Grammy Awards.")

The tour is due to begin June 11th, and continue until September 3rd or 4th, at which time Peter reports to work on "Sgt. Pepper." He'll perform in major cities, with many big, outdoor stadium shows on the schedule.

Watch for complete Frampton itinerary in the next issue of Hit Parader. □

He'll perform in major cities, some big stadiums too, of course.

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SONG INDEX

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YOU'RE MY WORLD

(As recorded by Helen Reddy)

Italian Lyric by GINO PAOLI
English Lyric by CARL SIGMAN
UMBERTO BINDI

You're my world, you're ev'ry breath I take
You're my world, you're ev'ry move I make
Other eyes see the stars up in the skies
But for me they shine within your eyes
As the trees reach for the sun above
So my arms reach out to you for love
With your hand resting in mine
I feel a power so divine
You're my world, you are my night, my day
You're my world, you're ev'ry pray I pray
If our love ceases to be
Then it's the end of my world for me.
(Repeat)

Then it's the end of my world
End of my world
It's the end for me.

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SPIRIT IN THE NIGHT

(As recorded by Manfred Mann's Earth Band)

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Crazy Janey and her mission-man were back in the alley tradin' hands
'Long came Wild Billy with his friend G-Man all duded up for Saturday night
Well, Billy slammed on his coaster brakes and said, "Anybody wanna go on up to Greasy Lake?"
It's about a mile down on the dark side of Route Eighty-Eight
I got a bottle of Rose, so let's try it
We'll pick up Hazy Davy and Killer Joe and I'll take you all out to where the Gypsy angels go
They're built like light and they dance like spirits in the night
(All night) in the night (all night)
Oh, you don't know what they can do to you
Spirits in the night (all night) in the night (all night)
Stand right up now and let them shoot through you.
Well now, Wild Billy was a crazy cat, and he shook some dust out of his coonskin cap
He said, "Trust some of this, it'll show you where it's at, or at least it'll really help you feel it."
By the time we made it up to Greasy Lake I had my head out the window and Janey's fingers were in the cake
I think I really dug her cause I was too loose to fake
I said, "I'm hurt." She said, "Honey, let me heal it."
And we danced all night to a soul fairy band and she kissed me just right like only a lonely angel can
She felt so nice, just as soft as a spirit in the night
(All night) in the night (all night)
Janey don't know what she do to you
Spirit in the night (all night) in the night (all night)
Stand right up and let her shoot through me.

Now the night was bright and the stars threw light on Billy and Davy dancin' in the moonlight
They were down near the water in a stone mud fight, Killer Joe gone passed out on the lawn
Well now, Hazy Davy got really hurt, he ran into the lake in just his socks and a shirt
Me and crazy Janey was makin' love in the dirt singin' our birthday song
Janey said it was time to go so we closed our eyes and said goodbye to Gypsy Angel Row, felt so right
Together we moved like spirits in the night (all night).

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Memory Man: The First Compact Echo/ Analog Delay Line

Until now, all echo and reverb effects relied on moving parts – springs, tape loops, and other mechanical gear that could wear out or break right in the middle of your act. Delay effects depended on digital delay lines that were fine for the studio, but too expensive and bulky for on-stage use. Now **Electro-Harmonix** engineers have put all of these key effects into one, durable, reasonably-priced footswitch unit, through the development of state-of-the-art hybrid techniques.

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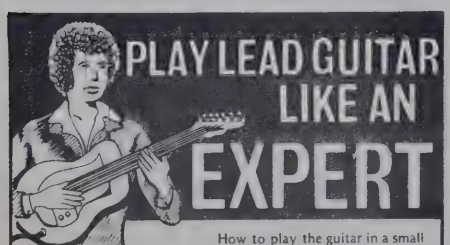

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GOING IN WITH MY EYES OPEN

(As recorded by David Soul)

TONY MACAULAY

You smiled that misty way and something in me said
Remember the last time don't fall in love
I walked so blindly in
I fell and hurt my head
I can't forget it
But I don't regret it
I couldn't really stop it if I tried.
Only this time I'm going in with my eyes open
Won't make the same mistakes again
This time I've seen the signs and no heart's broken
Won't be so blind and lose my way.

You'd be so nice to love
Don't let it end the same
If you get uneasy just let me know
But please don't lie or call me by somebody else's name
Oh I couldn't take it
I know I would break it
And I want to give you everything I have.
Only this time I'm going in with my eyes open
Won't make the same mistakes again
This time I've seen the signs and no heart's broken
Won't be so blind and lose my way.

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DO YOU WANNA MAKE LOVE

(As recorded by Peter McCann)

PETER McCANN

Sometimes the love rhymes that fill the afternoon
Lose all their meaning with the rising moon
So hold me and tell me that the words you say are true
Answer the question I must ask of you.
Do you wanna make love
Or do you just wanna fool around?
I guarantee it will bring you down
If you try and fool yourself
Do you wanna make love
Or do you just wanna fool around
You can take it seriously or take it somewhere else.
Take all the freedom that a lover will allow
If you feel the feeling that I'm feeling now
Where love goes a fool knows that the hurt can go as deep
Don't make a promise that you cannot keep.

Do you wanna make love
Or do you just wanna fool around?
I guarantee it will bring you down
If you try and fool yourself
Do you wanna make love
Or do you just wanna fool around
You can take it seriously or take it somewhere else.
But if you want to get close to me
You could do it so easily
Is it love that I see when I look in your eyes
Or just another empty lie?

(Repeat chorus)

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I JUST WANNA BE YOUR EVERYTHING

(As recorded by Andy Gibb)

BARRY GIBB

For so long
You and me been finding each other for so long
And the feeling that I feel for you is more than strong, girl
Take it from me
If you give a little more than you're asking for
Your love will turn the key, darling.

Mine
I would wait forever for those lips of mine
Build my world around you darling
This love will shine girl
Watch it and see
If you give a little more than you're asking for
Your love will turn the key oh

I, I just wanna be your ev'rything
Open up the heaven in your heart and let me be
The things you are to me
And not some puppet on a string
Oh if I stay here without you darling I would die
I want you laying in the love I have to bring
I'd do anything to be your everything.

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ON THE BORDER

(As recorded by Al Stewart)

AL STEWART

The fishing boats go out across the evening water
Smuggling guns and arms across the Spanish border
The wind whips up the waves so loud
The ghost moon sails among the clouds and turns rifles into silver
On the border
In the village where I grew up nothing seems the same
Still you never see the change from day to day
No one notices the customs slip away.
On my wall the colors of the maps are running from Africa
The winds they talk of changes coming
The torches flare up in the night
The hand that sets the farms a-light has spread the word to those who're waiting on the border
In the islands where I grew up nothing seems the same
It's just the patterns that remain an empty shell
But there's a strangeness in the air you feel too well.
Last night the rain was knocking on my window
I moved across the darkened room and in the lampglow
I thought I saw down in the street
The spirit of the century
Telling us that we're all standing on the border.

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YOU AND ME

(As recorded by Alice Cooper)

ALICE COOPER
DICK WAGNER

When I get home from work
I wanna wrap myself around you
I wanna take you and squeeze you
'Til the passion starts to rise
I wanna take you to heaven
That would make my day complete.
But you and me ain't no movie stars
What we are is what we are
We share a bed, some lovin' and T.V. yeah
And that's enough for a workin' man
What I am is what I am
And I tell you babe
Well that's enough for me.
Sometimes when you're asleep and I'm just starin' at the ceiling
I wanna reach out and touch you
But you just go on dreamin'
If I could take you to heaven
That would make my day complete.
But you and me ain't no superstars
What we are is what we are
We share a bed, some popcorn and T.V. yeah
And that's enough for a workin' man
What I am is what I am
And I tell you babe
Well that's enough for me.

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BREAK IT TO ME GENTLY

(As recorded by Aretha Franklin)

CAROL BAYER SAGER
MARVIN HAMLISCH

It was so easy
You made it so easy
You knew exactly what to say and do
Had all the answers
Knew how to please me
How'd you guess I'd fall in love with you
Now I'm scared of what we're comin' to.

So break it to me gently
Be careful what you say
And save it, save it for tomorrow
Maybe then you'll stay one more day.

I was so easy, I made it too easy
I weakened underneath your tenderness
Gave all my lovin' all my sweet music
Why'd you give me what you knew I missed
Are you sure it has to end like this.

So break it to me gently
Be careful what you say
And save it, save it for tomorrow
Maybe then you'll stay one more day.

Maybe then you'll stay
So break it to me gently
Don't hurry yesterday and hold me, hold me like the first time
Maybe then you'll stay one more day, one more day, one more day, one more day.

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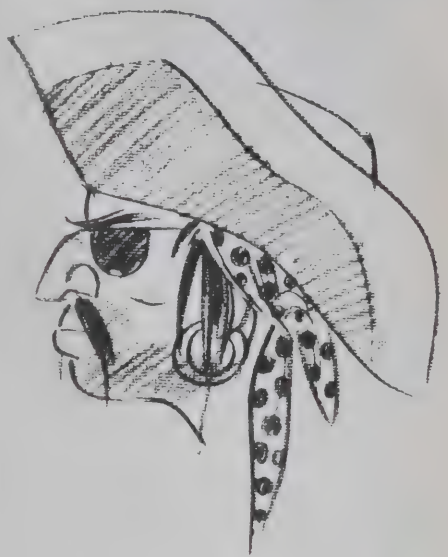

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HOOKED ON YOU

(As recorded by Bread)

DAVID GATES

Baby if you only knew
Ev'rything I need I get from you
I'll never let you out of sight
I need you thru the day and night baby
Always there to see me through
Darlin' don't you know I'm hooked on you.
Habits I've had before
But never came back so much for more
I need your lovin' ev'ry day
I couldn't live without it no way
Everybody knows it's true
Everybody knows I'm hooked on you.
I've never been dependent and I never tho't I would
Oh but now I find that I don't mind
The change is for the good
So don't be feelin' sorry for the freedom that I lost
'Cause I found out what I'm missin'
And I'm glad to pay the cost.
Now that I've tasted you
I know nobody else will ever do
I'm glad that I can say you're mine
I love you 'cause your sugar's so fine
No one else will ever do
There's nothing like being hooked on you.
Babe I know you're gonna see me through
Baby that's why I'm hooked on you.

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LOVE'S GROWN DEEP

(As recorded by Kenny Nolan)

KENNY NOLAN

Somewhere back in time
You became a friend of mine
And day by day we've grown a little closer
You're my spirit to be strong
A friend when things go wrong
So I've written down these words to let you know.
That love's grown deep
Deep into the heart of me
You've become a part of me
Let us plant the seed and watch it grow
Love's grown deep
Deep into the heart of me
You've become a part of me.
As we travel down the road
Side by side we'll share the load
Hand in hand we'll see each other thru
And though we've only just begun
Let's count our blessings one by one
I thank God for life
I thank God for you.
Love's grown deep
Deep into the heart of me
You've become a part of me
Let us plant the seed and watch it grow
Love's grown deep
Deep into the heart of me
You've become a part of me.

And as the seasons slip away
Forever lovers we will stay
Together, do or die, with all our heart.

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THIS GIRL (Has Turned Into A Woman)

(As recorded by Mary MacGregor)

PETER YARROW
MARY MacGREGOR

Wake up the morning's over
The bed is soft and warm where we lay
I've dreamed the whole night through
Of how I'll say to you all the things my heart wants to say
Last night you heard me cryin' cause I had never loved a man before
And I guess the tears were falling cause a little girl was lost
But now, love I'm not cryin' any more.

This girl has turned into a woman
And I've dreamed of this moment all my life
This girl has turned into a woman
And I thank you for your tenderness last night
And I want to love you once again tonight.
I'd never seen your head lyin' on my pillow
I'd never seen your body without clothes
I can't believe these feelings I've discovered
Tho I'm sure it's just what every lover knows
Now I won't cling to you or make you promise
And if love's gone tomorrow don't pretend
But right now I'm in love and that's all I'm thinking of
And I hope this feeling never ends.
This girl has turned into a woman
And I've dreamed of this moment all my life
This girl has turned into a woman
And I thank you for your tenderness last night
And I want to love you once again tonight.

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ARIEL

(As recorded by Dean Friedman)

DEAN FRIEDMAN

Way on the other side of the Hudson
deep in the bosom of suburbia
I met a young girl she sang mighty fine
Tears on my pillow and Ave Maria
Standing by the water fall in Paramus Park
She was working for the friends of BAI
She was collecting quarters in a paper cup
She was looking for change and so was I
She was a Jewish girl, I fell in love with her
She wrote her number on the back of my hand
I called her up, I was all out of breath
I said "Come hear me play in my rock and roll band"
I took a shower and I put on my best blue jeans
I picked her up in my new V double U van
She wore a peasant blouse with nothing underneath
I said "Hi" she said "Yeah, I guess I am"
Ariel, Ariel.

We had a little time, we were real hungry
We went to Dairy Queen for something to eat
She had some onion rings, she had a pickle
She forgot to tell me how she didn't eat meat
I had a gig in the American Legion hall
It was a dance for the Volunteer Ambulance Corps
She was sitting in a corner against the wall
She would smile and I melted all over the floor.

I took her home with me, we watched some TV
Annette Funicello and some guy going steady
I started fooling around with the verticle
We got the munchies so I made some spaghetti
We sat and we talked into the night while channel 2 was signing off the air
I found the softness of a mouth
We made love, the bombs bursting in air
Ariel, Ariel, Ariel, Ariel.

Way on the other side of the Hudson
Deep in the bosom of suburbia
I met a young girl
She sang mighty fine
Tears on my pillow and Ave Maria.

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BACK TOGETHER AGAIN

(As recorded by Daryl Hall and John Oates)

JOHN OATES

He's back together again
Yeah ev'ryone is glad that he's together again
Just like the old days, old days, old days
Yeah he could sing, he could sing, he could sing
He's back together again.

You know he's still got the moves
You know the grooves still there
Just like the old days, old days, old days
Yeah he could sing, he could sing
Listen to him sing
Back together again, back together again
Singing the same old story
Back together again, back together again
The old songs never end
Gives you something to believe in.

Remember sixty-five
Well the kids are all grown up, but their records are still alive
Just like the old days, old days, old days
Yeah he could sing, he could sing, he could sing
He's back, riding high
The charts are full of love, he's on ev'rybody's dial
Just like the old days, old days, old days
Yeah he could sing, he could sing
Listen to him sing
Back together again, back together again
Singing the same old story
Back together again, back together again
The old songs never end, that's something to believe in
The old songs never end
Oh just listen to him sing.

Back together again, back together again
Singing the same old story
Back together again, back together again
The old songs never end, and that's something to believe in.

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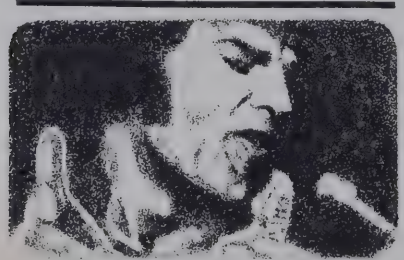

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MY BEST FRIEND'S WIFE

(As recorded by Paul Anka)

PAUL ANKA

I took to her, she took to me
And now we're meeting secretly
From four to five my dreams all come alive
Would she ever leave him?
I live from day to day
And if it ends I lose two friends
I can't win either way.

My best friend's wife is the love of my life
I just don't know what to do about it
My best friend's wife is the love of my life

I just don't know what to do about it.

We get together socially
And she's with him, she's not with me
I try to hide the way I feel inside
Goin' thru the changes
So no one can tell
They say it's heaven being in love
I'd hate to be in hell.

My best friend's wife is the love of my wife
I just don't know what to do about it
My best friend's wife is the love of my life
I just don't know what to do about it.

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GOD OF THE SUN

(As recorded by America)

GERRY BECKLEY

God of the sun
Don't make me wait 'til the morning comes
Light in the sky look me in the eye, eye, eye, eye.
When I call you from my river of darkness
And echoes all that came back
Saw you wave goodbye down the railroad tracks (aah)
Sometimes when you're out and all alone
And you can't find your way back
Wonder if you'll ever make it home aah.
Don't keep me waiting around too much longer now
Don't, don't keep me waiting around, round, round, round.
When I call you from my river of darkness
And echoes all that came back
Saw you wave goodbye down the railroad tracks (aah)
Sometimes when you're out and all alone
And you can't find your way back
Wonder if you'll ever make it home aah.
God of the sun
I'll be around 'til the day's begun
One sight of your ray takes the night away, way, away
But when I walk through that door
Take my hat and my coat off
Waiting for you to call
I tell you not right now lady
I got work on my mind and I'll talk to you soon
Always remember.
(Repeat chorus)

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BODY VIBES

(As recorded by Ohio Players)

JIM WILLIAMS
LeROY BONNER
MARSHALL JONES
MARVIN PIERCE
RALPH MIDDLEBROOKS
CLARENCE SATCHELL
WILLIAM BECK

I'm a shakin' all over.
What it is I wanna know tryin' to take my soul
Movin' you it's movin' me
It makes me feel so free
It don't wanna go just won't let us be
You've got to feel my good body vibrations
When you move it makes me feel so fine
Ooh feel so proud
You're about to make me lose all of my patience, girl
Groove me, baby
Yeah yeah yeah
Ooh yeah yeah yeah
Just keep on movin' and groovin' me
Down on your knees
Get the beat and move your feet.
What it is I wanna know tryin' to take my soul
Movin' you it's movin' me
It don't wanna go just won't let us be
Feelin' good, I knew it would
All you have to do is try
I realize the body vibes really can make you high
I feel a brand new sensation, it's a new situation
Fill up at the station
Feel the good vibrations
Body vibrations.

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DREAMS

(As recorded by Fleetwood Mac)

STEVIE NICKS

Now here you go again
You say you want your freedom
Well who am I to keep you down
It's only right that you should play the way you feel it
But listen carefully to the sound
Of your loneliness like a heartbeat drives you mad
In the stillness of remembering what you had
And what you lost
And what you had
And what you lost.

Oh thunder only happens when it's rainin'
Players only love you when they're playin'
Say women they will come and they will go
When the rain washes you clean you'll know, you'll know.

Now here I go again
I see the crystal visions
I keep my visions to myself
It's only me who wants to wrap around your dreams
And have you any dreams you'd like to sell
Dreams of loneliness like a heartbeat drives you mad
In the stillness of remembering what you had
And what you lost
What you had
Oo what you lost.

Oh thunder only happens when it's rainin'
Players only love you when they're playin'
Say women they will come and they will go
When the rain washes you clean you'll know, you'll know.

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LOOKS LIKE WE MADE IT

(As recorded by Barry Manilow)

WILL JENNINGS
RICHARD KERR

There you are looking just as good as you did last time I touched you
And here I am close to gettin' tangled up inside the thought of you
Do you love him as much as I love her
And will that love be strong when old feelings start to stir.

Looks like we made it
Left each other on the way to another love
Looks liked we made it
Or I thought so till today
Until you were there ev'rywhere
And all I could taste was love the way we made it.

Love's so strange
Playing hide and seek with hearts and always hurting
And we're the fools standing close enough to touch those burning memories
And if I hold you for the sake of all those times
Love made us lose our minds
Could I ever let you go?

Oh no we've made it
Left each other on the way to another love
Looks like we made it
Or I thought so till today
Until you were there ev'yrwhere
And all I could taste was love the way we made it.

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SING

(As recorded by Tony Orlando & Dawn)

LEO GIANANGELO

Sing songs of songs to me
Sing it like an old love song
Sing about it all day long
You can't go wrong mmm.

Sing all those blues away
Sing it loud and sing it strong
A happy - go - lucky song
You can't go wrong mmm.

Sing all your dreams come true
Sing it loud now don't be shy
'Cause if you reach out for the sky
You can get by.

And when you're feelin' down
A song can make you happy again
It's just like a friend
You know you won't be sad very long.

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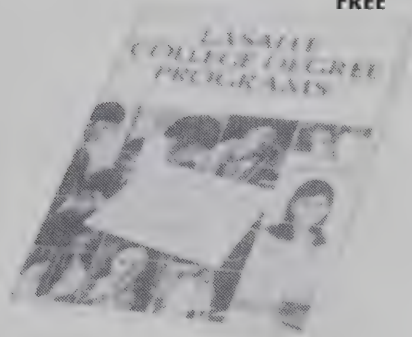

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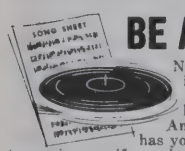

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SHOW YOU THE WAY TO GO

(As recorded by Jacksons)

K. GAMBLE
L. HUFF

Ah let me show ya
Let me show you the way to go.

(No) I don't know ev'rything
But there's something I do know (I know, I know)
I've read and heard enough an' now we're ready to show that we can come together an' think like one
(Come together now)
Live together underneath the sun
Please, please let me show ya
Let me show ya, let me show you the way to go
(Follow me, follow me).

Just put your trust in me
I'll try not to letcha down
(Letcha down, letcha down)
(A) Good job is hard to do
But only we can't let us down
Cause we can help each other to overcome
We can do it, we can do it
Now trust ev'rybody an' git the job done
Please, please, please just let me show ya
Let me show ya, let me show you the way to go
(Please follow me now).

Cause we can help each other to overcome
We can do it, we can do it now
Live together underneath the sun
Please, please, please just let me show ya
Let me show ya, let me show you the way to go
(Follow me, follow me).

Uh let me show you
I'll never letcha down
Never letcha down
I'll never let you down
Put your hand in mine
We can do it
We can do it
We can work it out
A-work it out
Work it, work it, work it out
Uh uh uh uh uh ummm
If you don't stop uh
Let me show ya, let me show ya, let me show ya yeah
Let me, let me, let me, let me, let me, let me show you.

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HOT TO TROT

(As recorded by Wild Cherry)

ROBERT PARISSI

Stand back
I see you standing over there just checking me out
Stand back
What you looking for honey
What you comin' on strong about
Stand back
Have I been too much for you honey
Do you know what I mean
Stand back
I'm just a dancing fool looking for a strutting queen
One thing you got to learn is what you can't move
There's no saying you are when you're not
I'm looking for some help, a super shot
I guess I'm just too hot to trot.

When you're hot, you're hot
You're hot, you're hot to trot
You're hot, you're hot
You're hot to trot.

Stand back
You'd better step aside, baby
This ain't your scene
Stand back
I'm a good for you on my feet
So you better hang out
Stand back
You better leave me alone
'Cause I need to spend them on the floor
Stand back
You're taking one hell of a chance
Hanging in store for more.

When you're hot, you're hot
You're hot, you're hot to trot
You're hot, you're hot
You're hot to trot.

Stand back
You ain't got no style
No match for me
Stand back
You're just a lead-foot mama
It's so easy to see
Stand back
You know you just can't dance
Hear what I say
Stand back
Until you learn how to do it
Better come back another day.

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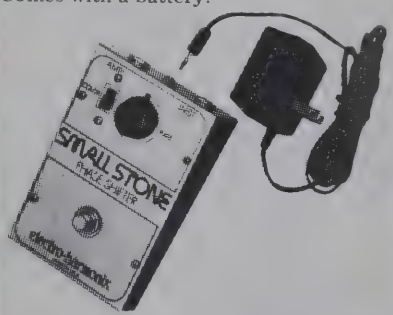

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BACK IN THE SADDLE

(As recorded by Aerosmith)

STEVEN TYLER
JOE PERRY

I'm back
I'm back in the saddle again
I'm back
I'm back in the saddle again.

Ridin' into town alone by the light of the moon
I'm lookin' for old Sukie Jones, she crazy horse saloon
Bar keep gimme a drink, that's when she caught my eye
She turned to gimme a wink that'd make a grown man cry.

I'm back in the saddle again
I'm back
I'm back in the saddle again
I'm back.

Come easy go easy - alright - till the risin' sun
I'm calling all the shots tonight, I'm like a loaded gun
Pealin' off my boots and chaps, I'm saddle soar
Four bits gets you time in the rack, I scream for more
Fools gold out of their mines, the girls are soakin' wet
No tongue's drier than mine I'll come when I get.

Back
I'm back in the saddle again
I'm back
I'm back in the saddle again.

I'm ridin'
I'm loadin' up my pistol
I'm ridin'
I really got a fistful
I'm ridin'
I'm shinin' up my saddle
I'm ridin'
The snake is gonna rattle.

I'm back in the saddle again
I'm back
I'm back in the saddle again
I'm back.

Ridin' high
Ridin' high
Ridin' high.

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UNDERCOVER ANGEL

(As recorded by Alan O'Day)

ALAN O'DAY

Cryin' on my pillow
Lonely in my bed
Then I heard a voice beside me
And she softly said
Wonder is your night light
Magic is your dream
And as I held her she said see what I mean
I said what?
She said ooh ooh oo wee
I said alright
She said love me, love me, love me.

Undercover angel
Midnight fantasy
I've never had a dream that made sweet love to me
Oo undercover angel
Answer to my prayer
You made me know that there's a love for me
Out there, somewhere, oo, somewhere.

Heavenly surrender
Sweet after glow
I've given up my heart to you now
Angel don't go
She said go find the right one
Love her and then when you look into her eyes
You'll see me again
I said what?
She said ooh ooh oo wee
I said alright
She said love me, love me, love me.
(Repeat chorus)

Now you know my story
And girl if it's right
I'm gonna take you in my arms and love you tonight
Underneath the covers
The answer lies
I'm lookin' for my angel in your sweet lovin' eyes
She said what?
I said oo wee
She said alright
I said get next to me
She said what?
I said ooh wee
She said alright
I said love me, love me, love me.

(Repeat chorus)

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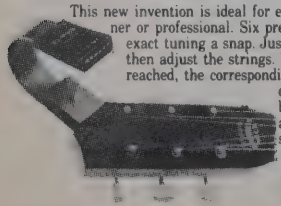

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EVERYBODY BE DANCING

(As recorded by Starbuck)

BRUCE BLACKMAN

I never won for losing
But it ceased to be amusing when you told me
That ev'ry night you're shining bright
And the big apple band a callin' out your name
And what do you mean the Rolling Stones ain't nothing to you
'Cause they ain't got the beat right
I'm trying to tell you something
But you're gonna jump around crazy half the night.

Ev'rybody be dancing, dancing
Dancing half the night away
Ev'rybody be dancing
Dancing half the night away.

Say you like to have a good time
But you don't want to go no place cold and old
You're heading for the neon lights to join the crowd shaking from door to door
You got me in such a heat
You know I'm gonna catch that beat if it kills me
But don't you think it's a crying shame that they don't dance like Carmen here no more.

Ev'rybody be dancing, dancing
Dancing half the night away
Ev'rybody be dancing
Dancing half the night away.

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GOT TO GIVE IT UP (Part I)

(As recorded by Marvin Gaye)

MARVIN GAYE

I used to go out to parties and stand around
'Cause I was too nervous to really get down
But my body yearned to be free
I got up on the floor boy
So somebody could choose me
No more standin' upside the wall
I have got myself together baby
Now I'm havin' a ball
Long as you're groovin' there's always a chance
Somebody watchin' might wanna make romance.

Move your body, move baby and dance all night to the groovin'
I feel all right
Havin' a party ooh invite all your friends
But if you see me stop by let me in
Baby just party all night long
Let me slip into your erotic zone
(We heard that).
Move it up
Turn it round
Ooh shake it down
Oh you can bump me when you want to babe
This is such a groovy party baby
Dancin' face to face
And everybody's screamin'
This is such a groovy place
All the young ladies are so fine
You're movin' your body
Leaves me with no doubt
Know what you're thinkin' baby
You want to turn me out
Think I'm gonna let you do it
Keep on dancin' oh
Keep on dancin' ooh
Look so good
Yeah keep on dancin' oh
Now sugar got to give it up
Keep on dancin'
Gotta give it up.

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DON'T TOUCH ME

(As recorded by Shelbra Deane)

HANK COCHRAN

Your hand is like a torch each time you touch me
That look in your eye pulls me apart
Don't open the door to heaven if I can't come in
Don't touch me if you don't love me, sweetheart.

Your kiss is like a drink when I'm thirsty
And I'm thirsty for you with all my heart
Don't love me then act as tho' we've never kissed
Don't touch me if you don't love me, sweetheart.

Don't give me something that you might take away
To have you then lose you wouldn't be smart on my part
Don't open the door to heaven if I can't come in
Don't touch me if you don't love me, sweetheart.

Don't give me something that you might take away
To have you then lose you wouldn't be smart on my part
Don't open the door to heaven if I can't come in
Don't touch me if you don't love me, sweetheart.

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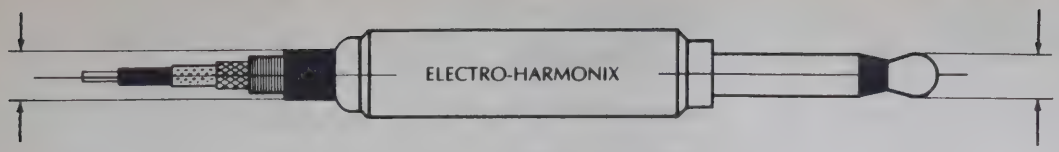

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SLOW DANCING DON'T TURN ME ON

(As recorded by Addrisi Brothers)

DICK and DON ADDRISI

Slow dancin' it don't turn me on
I know that chicks like to boogie to the beat in the song
Cause if the beat's slow the ladies won't dance
And if they won't dance I don't stand a chance
Somebody please tell the record man
To play a disco song so the ladies will dance
Slow dancin' oh how shy they can get
Chicks don't like dancin' too close to some new dude they just met
Cause when you dance slow there's nothin' to say
And if he comes on strong, she can't get away.

Somebody play some rock and roll
So I can shake and bake some sweet woman's soul
I'm lady lookin' but I can't get cookin'
With slow dancin', dancin'.

Slow dancin' it don't turn me on
I know that chicks like to boogie to the beat in the song
They like to drink slow and dance real fast
They wear their jeans so tight and wiggle their class
But when they dance slow I just can't tell
If all the moving parts are put together so well
Somebody please tell the record man to play a disco song
So the ladies will dance.
(Repeat chorus)

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EVERYTHING MUST CHANGE

(As recorded by George Benson)

B. IGHNER

Ev'rything must change
Nothin' stays the same
Ev'ry one will change
No one stays the same.

The young become the old
And myst'ries do unfold
'Cause that's the way of time
Nothing and no one goes unchanged
There are not many things in life you can be sure of
Except rain comes from the clouds
Sun lights up the sky and hummingbirds do fly.

Winter turns to spring
A wounded heart will heal
But never much too soon
Yes ev'rything much change.
The young become the old
And myst'ries do unfold
'Cause that's the way of time
Nothing and no one goes unchanged
There are not many things in life you can be sure of
Except rain comes from the clouds
Sun lights up the sky and hummingbirds do fly
Rain comes from the clouds
Sun lights up the sky
And hummingbirds do fly
Rain comes from the clouds
Sun lights up the sky and music makes me cry.

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BABY I LOVE YOUR WAY

(As recorded by Walter Jackson)

PETER FRAMPTON

Shadows grow so long before my eyes
And they're moving across the page
Suddenly the day turns into night
Far away from the city
But don't hesitate
'Cause your love won't wait.

Ooh baby I love your way every day
Wanna tell you I love your way every day
Wanna be with you night and day.

Moon appears to shine and light the sky
With the help of some firefly
Wonder how they have the power to shine, shine
I can see them under the pine
But don't hesitate
'Cause your love won't wait.

Ooh baby I love your way every day
Wanna tell you I love your way ooh
Wanna be with you night and day.

I can see the sunset in your eyes
Brown and grey blue besides
Clouds are stalking islands in the sun
Wish I could buy one out of season
But don't hesitate
'Cause your love won't wait.

Ooh baby I love your way every day
Wanna tell you I love your way ooh
Wanna be with you night and day.

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SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY

(continued from page 27)

to make cameo appearances on the LP. "We wanted to get their sound on newer songs," he says.

I ask him why he hasn't written any songs for this album. It's almost completely the work of his two good buddies, Miami Steve Van Zandt and Bruce Springsteen.

"I am a songwriter. I'm not a *published* songwriter," he says and then chuckles.

"Do you have plans?" I ask.

With a touch of bravado, he says: "*Sure,* I'll do it someday."

It's my turn to chuckle. "What's keeping you from it?"

"I don't have any great ego to see my name on the song credits of the albums. I write a lot of things into the songs, I wrote the bridge to 'Got To Get You Out Of My Mind' on the first album. I write certain things, I change the lyrics and stuff. But," he pauses for a second, then says, "Mainly I just like to sing and push the band around a little bit."

*****

"I grew up with a lot of different elements than most of the rockers claim they grew up with. I remember seeing the James Brown shows, and Wilson Pickett, and all these Murry The K shows at the Brooklyn Fox, where it was a revue sort of thing.

"I don't like the idea of somebody going out there and saying, I am a great singer/I am a great guitar player / you will now listen to me sing for an hour / and you're privileged to do that.

"Especially in instrumentalists. Guitar players go out there and play twenty - minute solos. I don't need that. I don't doesn't mean anything unless you put it doesn't mean anythomg unless you put it into the context of a song. I'm very material oriented.

"That's why I bring Kenny Kavanaugh, the drummer, out.

"That's better than a drum solo, I'll tell ya," I say to that.

*****

"I like the idea of a lot happening. Each song being a separate, special event."

*****

One thing that Southside seems to understand better than any other contem-

"I like the idea of a lot happening. Each song being a separate, special event."

Southside and the Jukes pose for a photo on their home ground.

porary singer using a horn line is that if you want horns you can get nothing better than Stax-Volt, unless you can get the early hot black horn lines of James Brown.

"Five horns as one instrument hitting out," is how Southside describes it. "It's not only a melodic thing, but it's a percussion instrument in some instances."

"Is that a lot of work, do you have to explain it to the horn players?"

"No. Well ... yes, and no. In other words you say, 'This is what I want.' I mean, a lot of horn players are into jazz which is a very flowing, melodic thing."

"That to me doesn't have the excitement," I say.

"No, and it's not like the kind of material we're doing. So you have to say, 'I want it to go *bah dit dah dit,*'" he sings into the phone. "You've just got to scream and stuff to really emphasize the point that you want it *loud* and vibrant. But they get into it. Horn players get into that. They really start to smile ... because they never feel that power of being a section, very few horn players got that experience. They usually play the melody line.

"When they're playing horn charts and they accent the beat and push the beat — you know, it's a sense of power that comes over them."

*****

How Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes got to be a ten man band will end this episode of "Afternoon In Asbury Park."

Southside says he's always liked this kind of music from when he first started listening to music, which was Count Basie and Jimmy Rushing and Louis Armstrong — "all my parents' records. I liked that idea, the horns playing together. Really good stuff. I don't like the Glenn Miller style, but I like the chunky horn sound. Like Chick Webb. Then later when I heard the blues shouters like Wynonne Harris and Joe Turner, they had horns like that too.

"When I first started playing I was very much into Chicago blues. Five piece, harmonic, bass, guitar, piano, and drums. And that's what I wanted to do, and I did that for a long time.

"But I always wanted to do ballads, cause I loved ballad singers."

*****

"Did you always dress up on stage?"

"No I have no real clothes sense. But after about the fifth person said to me, "Boy you look terrible on stage!' it started to dawn on me that yeah people look at you too, instead of just hearing you.

"Then I realized, wait a minute, all those bands I been seeing, all those vocal groups, they come out with the satin suits and the sequins, and they look *fan*tastic, and I get a rush when they come out and the bands all in white or red and the group comes out in blue. And I'm not doing that, and I realize I could be doing that, and nobody I see is doing that, and it's stupid, because it's an element of show business that belongs in rock & roll too."□

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ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION

(continued from page 11)

the receiver in our direction.

Encapsulating ARS' self-concept perfectly, the slightly built fretboard wizard confidently states, "We do get down and boogie and all that bullshit, but we don't limit ourselves. We've got a lot more variety than most people seem to realize."

Bailey, acclaimed by *Downbeat* Magazine as "the most underrated guitarist in American rock," makes no attempt to conceal his self-confidence. "I'd like to be recognized for what I've done. It makes me laugh to see so many poor guitarists put up on a pedestal."

After a brief conversation about tour itinerary, Nix retires to his Bunkerite fireside chair. Taking a sip of Blue Nun, with an eye focused on the good luck Baby Ruth, Nix surmised, "we'd like to think we are of a different mentality than our friends among the bar bands. We've got the players and the writers. We are more like the Paul Simons and Stevie Wonders of the South." □

The tastes in this band run from Genesis and Procol Harum to Willie Nelson and Jimmy Buffett.

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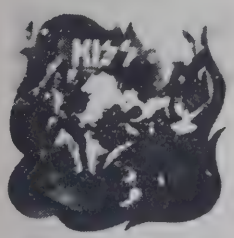

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LED ZEPPELIN

(continued from page 37)

shows. Smoking Marlboros almost constantly and still wearing the white satin popstar suit he wears onstage, he talked thoughtfully about the very special position Led Zeppelin occupies in rock's hierarchy.

"I don't care about being 'fashionable.' All that posing is just amusing. As for our popularity, I think it's very flattering to come back here and be able to sell out all these concerts. We've gone through so many changes, and people have been able to relate to them and still come to see us."

For the heavy rock fan, there is no greater group than Led Zeppelin. With their massive-scale, high-energy music, their three-hour-plus show remains the biggest draw in rock and roll.

They've sold over 25 million albums in an eight-year career; surely Jimmy Page, Robert Plant, John Paul Jones and John Bonham are millionaires who never *have* to work again. But they're back in the U.S. to perform to more than one million people during the next three months.

They almost didn't make it. When Robert Plant (whose 1975 auto accident prevented Zep from touring for two years) developed tonsilitis last month, the tour had to be rescheduled.

"I was afraid to tell the band about the tonsilitis," Robert told me earlier in their Chicago Stadium dressing room. "But since then I've been working and working on my voice, and it's much stronger. I've been able to do things with it this tour that I never could do before."

"We haven't played for two years," Jimmy said, "and I always get stage fright anyway. But the worst thing was, we were rehearsing to come over when Robert got tonsilitis. And all the equipment had been sent on ahead to America for the tour. I didn't touch an instrument for about a month, so naturally for the first few dates I was quite nervous."

Robert, who couldn't even walk for nearly a year, struts onstage as before: exposing his bare chest and tossing his trademark shoulder-length blond curls. If anything has changed, it is perhaps that he is a bit more robust. Jimmy's "new look" includes smoking cigarettes onstage, and John (Bonzo) Bonham's drum riser moves to the front of the stage during his "Moby Dick" solo.

Their electric music is as majestic as ever, but a major change is the inclusion of an acoustic set — something Zeppelin hasn't done here since 1970. I'm not a big fan of acoustic sets, but this one had a special energy — it was joyous.

"We wanted to do it because we felt that it was a much fairer cross-section of where we come from," said Robert. "Plus it gives us a chance to do some songs we

haven't done for a while."

Jimmy laughed. "Also, it gives us a chance to get a breather ... and gives John Bonham a break."

Led Zeppelin is Bigtime rock and roll. You can tell by their private jet, their security staff of six, the reception at hotels where room service for band members is extended beyond the normal hours. Police escorts — complete with sirens — accompany them to their concerts.

When fans hand flowers across the stage to the musicians, the musicians hand the flowers over to the roadies. Wearing red terrycloth robes over their stage clothes, Zeppelin rushes into limousines seconds after the final song and they're back at the hotel before the audience has stopped calling for another encore.

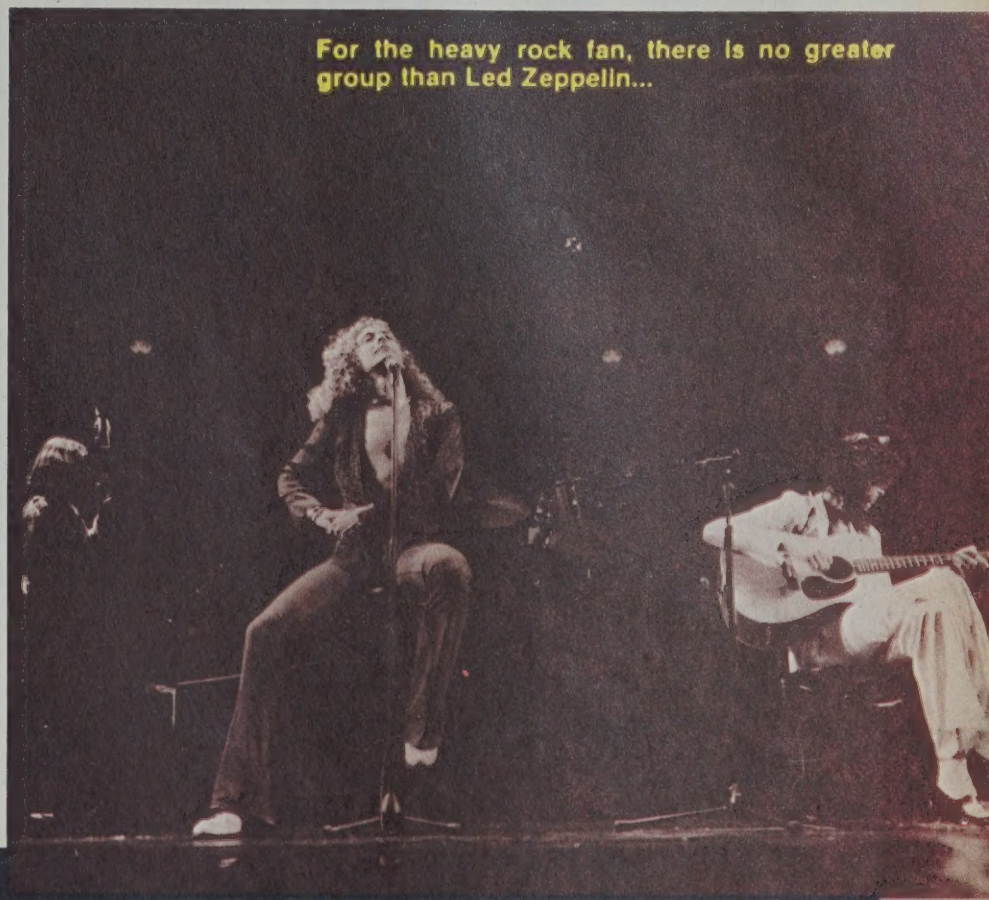
Even so, a tour is fun. "I came back here to have a good time," twinkled Robert, while Jimmy said more seriously, "The big business nature of the band has always been more of a hazard than anything else. One day you're just playing guitar and the next day there's a knock on the door and you realize you're in the realms of high finance. That is *very* heavy."

While they do make a considerable amount of money on tour here, Jimmy emphasizes, "America has always been very special to me personally, because in the old days, when it was really hard, uphill work for us, it was over here that we were accepted. The 60s were a time of great hype, but we managed to transcend all that. They really understood what we were trying to do.

"I once told you that music was my salvation, and I still believe that more than anything else. It's a total commitment, you just have to channel it out. The thing about this band is that everybody is so good, we could do any kind of music. It's far in excess — and I don't mean just popularity-wise — of what I expected it to be.

"It's a big responsibility when you think of all the people who come to see you. You just have to do your best."□

(Portions of this article appeared in Lisa Robinson's syndicated "Rock Talk" column.)



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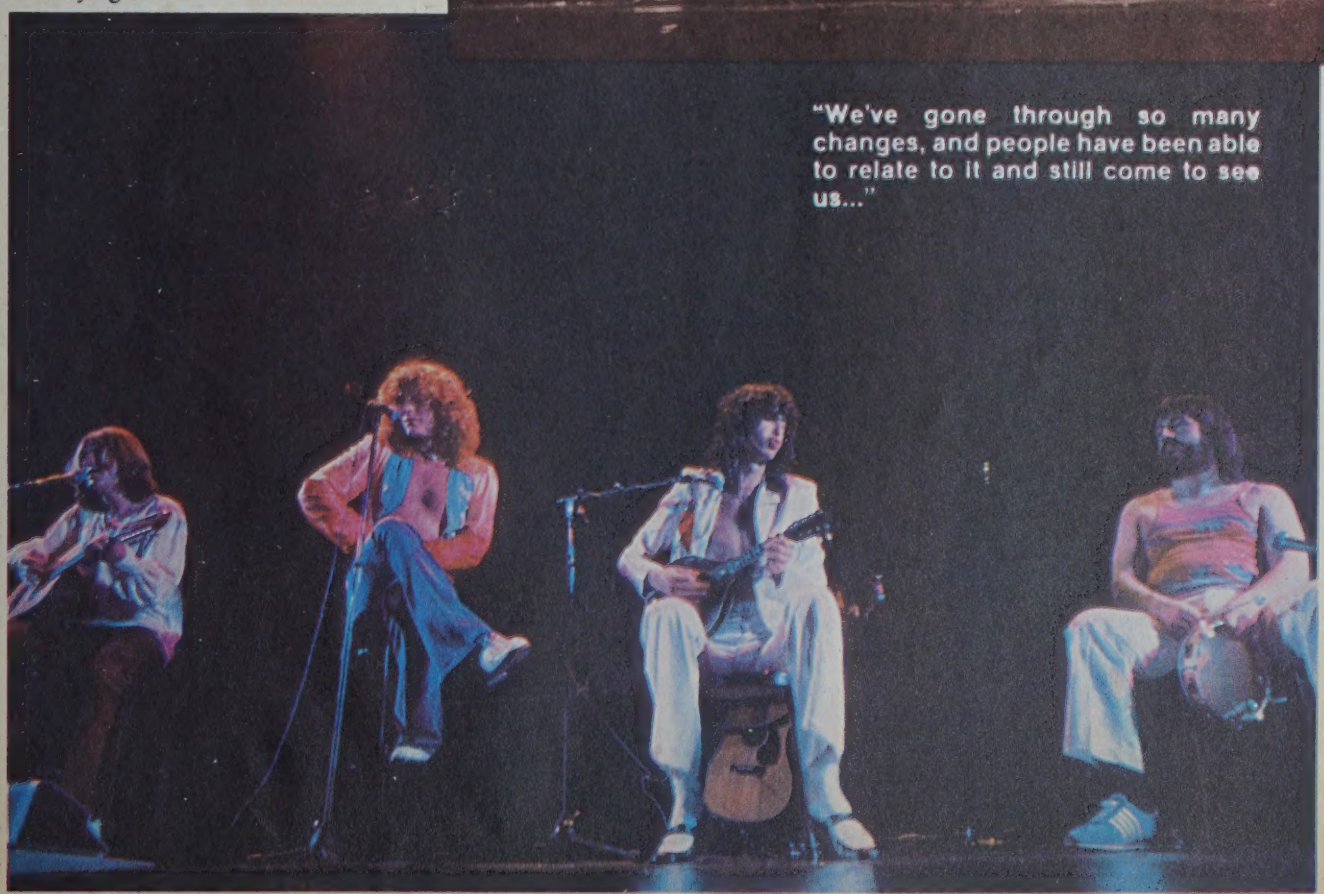

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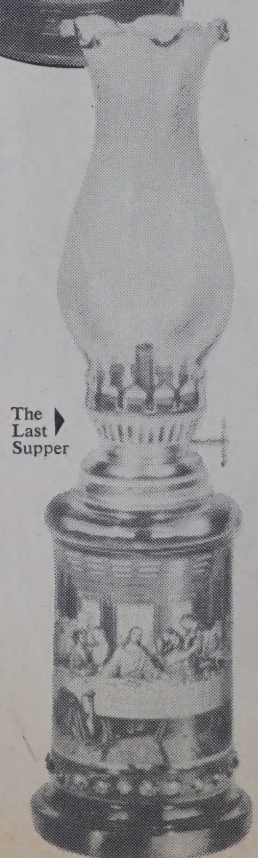

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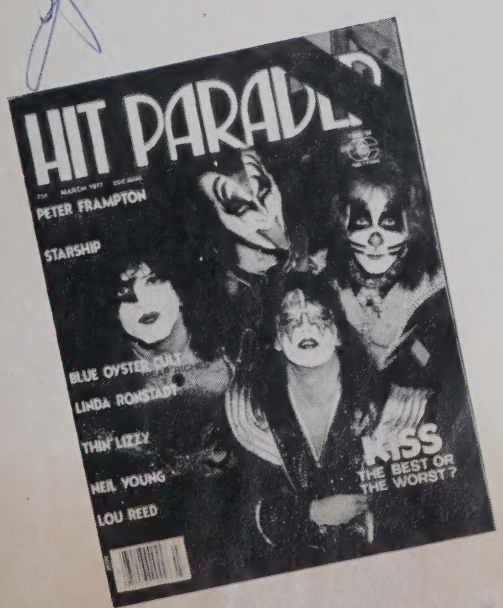

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First heard emerging from the spectral depths of creation in 1975, Starcaster abandons the great, grey-green, greasy Limpopo and relentlessly climbs the charts. Its attack is heightened by a unique semi-hollow body and jaw-popping vocal range which make it a prized trophy among animusicologists.

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When domesticated, Starcaster exhibits the most deceptive, chameleon-like vocal qualities. It not only bellows forth its own unique call but may emit musical tones associated with other members of the species Guitar Electrical as well.

A prolific mate, Starcaster couples boisterously in proximity to the Super Reverb and others of the family Amplifier Fender. Its excited cries when so engaged have been recorded voluminously.

For further reference, see Fender, Authorized Dealer.

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